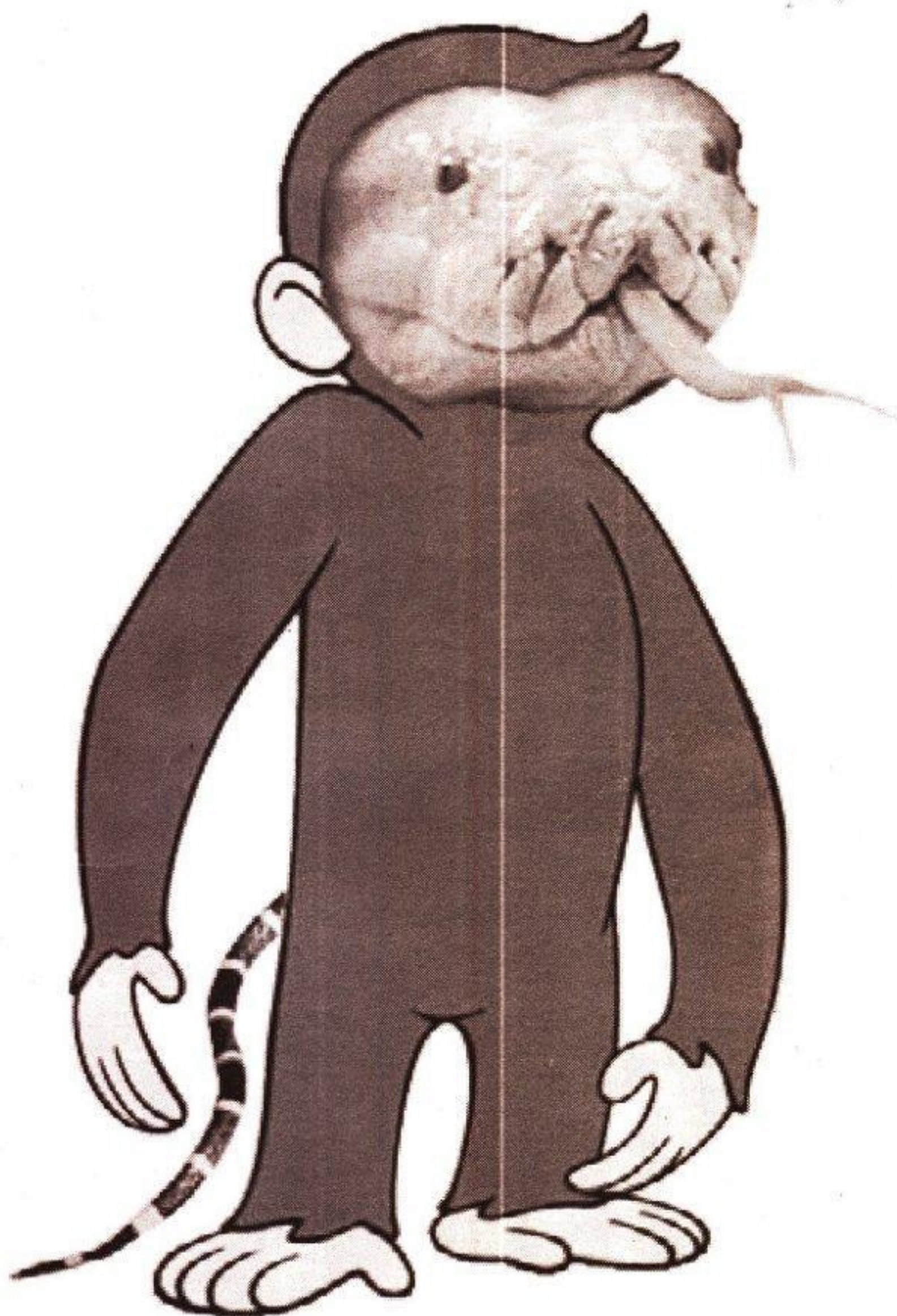


deadramones

VOLUME I



Skeletonbreath - Andrew Elliott - Bolth - Mind Field - Steve
Fauser - Matt Zwizler - Andy Licardi - El Salvador - 1997
- Book, Album and Show Reviews - Witches - Vegan

Letter from the editor...

Contact:
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<http://www.myspace.com/deadramones>

Hey dudes, endless thanks for all those who support or contribute to deadramones. This issue has a ton of good submissions, some new contributors, some old. Also, mass thanks to Sacred Plague records and distro for the printing help and much love to those who help distribute this mess of dead trees along their travels. I'll end this here, as I am late for a jam session. Until next time, keep it real and don't contribute to society, contribute to deadramones.

Contributors

This time, I'll let cbsnews.com give you the low-down on the dude that recommends me great books: *Across the street, directly in front of Rec Hall, individuals separate from the Obama campaign held up anti-Palin signs that read things such as "Palin doesn't represent this woman" and "Hey Sarah, I can see the moon from my backyard; does that make me an astronomer?" "I don't want Palin to be representing me," said Jimmy Burrige (graduate-horticulture), who was holding the latter of the signs. "Her foreign policy would be a disaster."*

When I got hit by a car skating home from work a few years ago, my parents got all these letters in the mail from "sympathetic" lawyers who just wanted to "help me out." I guess I forgot to tell my parents and when the letters rushed in, they freaked out a little. I'm pretty sure Polycordia would never do anything like that.

Other than "cuando es el tiempo," I forget pretty much everything I learned in Spanish class. Thankfully, Danny Burrige hits my gmail with some Salvadoran Spanish pretty often.

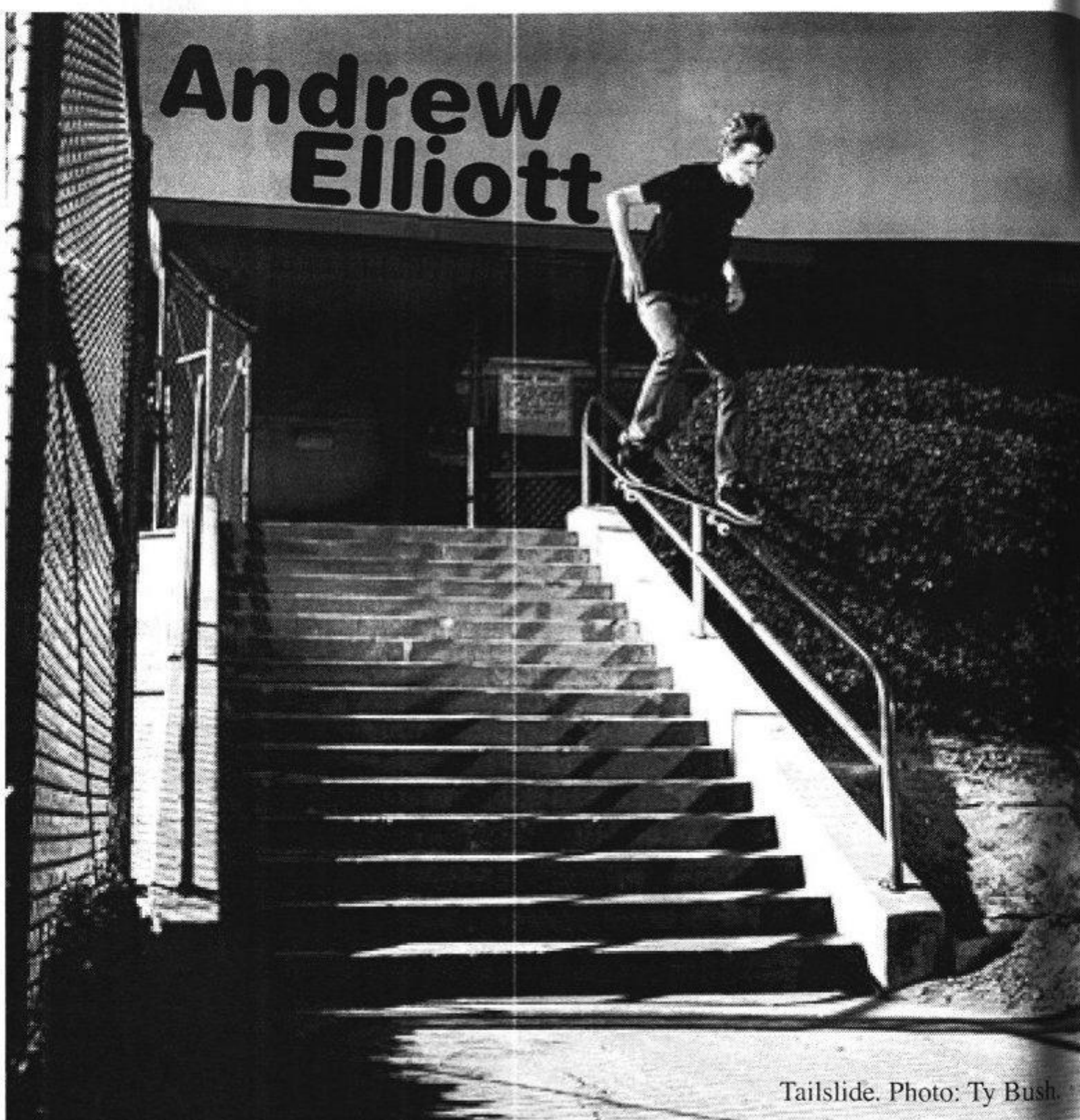
Dude, I haven't heard anyone use the word "funbox" in forever. Joe Dees drops that, Culture Skateboards, Matt's Skateshop and a bunch of other totally rad 'Nati nostalgia.

I feel like I've seen and done some pretty cool shit so far in my life, but I've never seen a transvestite's synthetic vagina or sang a Minor Threat song with someone's mom. Bolth's singer JS did all that and more on their recent tour and lived to tell about it.

Also, big thanks to Bread, Austin Mayer, Chris Luessen (who took the photo you're looking at) or anyone that hooked up some good ass skate photos.



Andrew Elliott



Tailslide. Photo: Ty Bush.

Some dudes just have to skate all the time. Or at least watch skate videos and talk about skateboarding. Andrew's for sure one of those dudes. I mean, it could be months before he stops talking about how sick Heath and AVE's parts in Mind Field are. But he recently fucked up his foot and can't skate. He's been losing his mind pretty slowly for the last few weeks and I figured there couldn't be a better time to interview him.

What are you doing?

Dying.

You want to do an interview?

Sure.

Tight. I heard you fell out of a balcony or something. What happened?

Yeah, it sucked. Broke three toes and got 15 stitches in my foot. It could've been worse. I probably should have died.

Damn, how did it happen?

I'm an idiot. I woke up at like 5 a.m. and was tired as shit. I thought I was going out onto a balcony to go pee off it and there wasn't a balcony. So I caught myself and was

dangling three stories and I was just over it so I dropped not knowing exactly how high off the ground I was.

Were you drunk or just like sleepwalking?

Just being retarded. Not even drunk.

Woah, how long 'til you can skate again?

Six to eight weeks.

So what do you do all day? Can you walk easy?

Since I got hurt, I pretty much just suffer from the time I wake up 'til I go to sleep. I play Call of Duty and Rock Band. Watch a couple shitty movies or TV. **How many Tylenols do you take a day now?**

I'm over Tylenol. I'm moved onto Vicodin.

Were you wearing shoes when you fell?

Nah. Just socks.

Ah, fuck. Was it concrete or grass or what?

Concrete.

Shit, what's up with Licardi's video?

I have no clue. What's up with it?

I don't know. He said you are having a part, I think. He wanted me to do a whole deadramones about his video. I don't know about that, though.

Oh, damn. He's goin' big. I don't know much about it. He's talked about filming a part but I don't see myself doing much for the next

"I pretty much just suffer from the time I wake up 'til I go to sleep"

two months.

Yeah, we'll see I guess. Are you moving back to Cincinnati soon?

Yeah, I'm supposed to be on my way back right now, but I have to wait until I can get into a car without wanting to die.

Are you driving?

Nah, not anymore. It's all on Gene now.

Dude, I was just crutching up some stairs and hit my toe, I want to fucking die right now.

Ow, dude. This shit is probably the worst thing of my life. No joke.

Damn, that's weak.

Pretty much.

Are you going to wait until you can skate to drive home?

No, I'm trying to get the fuck out of here. I'm over it. I'm just trying to go nest at my parents' house and not do shit.

Yeah, just chill.

Shit yeah.

How long will you stay in Ohio?

Hopefully not too long.

We'll see, though.

Is there anything you want to skate here besides Sessions?

Not really. Sessions is the best. Maybe white nine. Depends on the whole foot situation.

Yeah, that's rad. What happened to Denver Ben?

He saw the movie Blow and got inspired. Ah, just

kidding, he got into some dumb shit for a minute, but now he's killing it again. All it took was six months in jail to straighten him out.

Ha, that's wild.

Pretty sick, though.

Yeah, what do you skate in San Diego?

I skate parks. Mainly Memorial Park, Dallas Park and Zero Park all week and try and go to LA and get yeti on the weekend.

The good life.

Yeah, it works out. I'm down for it. I'm just trying to get the fuck out of San Diego and



Kickflip. Photo: Bart Jones.

"I'm just trying to go nest at my parents' house and not do shit"

move to Long Beach.

What's in Long Beach?

All the good homies, filmmakers. I'm there all the time anyways so it makes sense to move there.

Yeah, that's tight. Have you seen Jason Crase since he moved to San Francisco?

Nah, I haven't seen him in years.

Damn, it's sick that we're just talking about people nobody knows.

Pretty much all they need to know about Jason is he has nautical stars tattooed on him. He was sober when he got them, also. He's the man, though.

Ha, yeah. One time it was

just him and me in his car and I had just met him and he goes, "you ever look at your wrists and get really bummed?" I said no. He goes, "I do."

Hahahaha, he should feel that way for sure.

Yeah, what else you want to talk about?

I'm down for whatever.

How bad does your foot hurt now?

It's mellow right now, it was so bad before though.

Licardi thinks his interview is going to be better. It's tonight. I think



Smith. Photo: Austin Mayer.



Blunt fakie. Photo: Bart Jones.

he's drinking right now in preparation.

What's his interview for? What do you even ask him?

Shit about the video he's making I guess.

Hard. Sounds pretty boring. Were you there when Licardi got his head shaved by Drollinger and Gene?

Ha, no. When was that? Like recently?

No. So long ago. It was pretty hilarious. Licardi is the man.

Yeah, so what's up with Black Label?

Those dudes are sick. They hook me up with the goods. It's legit. I'm down for it.

Are you full on am?

Nah. I got a lot of shit coming out in mags and shit soon. So well see after that.

That's tight. Do you get in magazines pretty often? I haven't looked at a new skate magazine since I moved out of that place with Drew.

Sometimes. Not too much. I'm going to be in a good amount here soon so I'm siked. Got to make the ducks.

Bucks?

Yeah, man. Got to get those duckets.

Whenever I go on Myspace it says like "people you may know" and there's a picture of Chet Childress. I don't know that dude.

Haha, yeah, I always look at those. I'm always getting like Donny Barley and shit. It's weird.

Ha, yeah. He must have been like the second dude on Myspace, right after Poorman.

Haha, seriously.

You want to say like sponsors or shout outs or all that bullshit?

Not really. I'm trying to figure out how I'm going to take a shower and not get my foot wet.

Damn, have you showered since you fucked it up?

Nope. I smell amazing.



Scott Zellner, kickflip back tail. Photo: Austin Mayer.

MIND

When I turned nine years old, my parents bought me a Variflex skateboard for my birthday. It was probably the best board Toys R Us offered. I mean, it actually had metal trucks. I rode that thing down the driveway all day, every day after school. I rode it everywhere. Most notably on my paper route, where I eventually saved up enough money to buy a new setup from Matt's Skate Shop. I think the only two board companies I knew back then were Alien Workshop and Birdhouse. Workshop because they were from here in Ohio and Birdhouse 'cause they were actually kind of sick back then. They had Heath Kirchart and Jeremy Klein back when naked japanimation chicks were cool, plus a baby Reynolds and Tony Hawk.

After months of saving, I ended up going with a Workshop board, mainly cause the graphic was so rad. No doubt, they've had the best graphics in skateboarding since I started. It was also a slick deck, if anyone remembers those. Believe I was hyped! Not long after that I saw my first skate video, *Timecode*. My mind was blown. I think I saw a Zoo York video and *Welcome to Hell* that same week, but for some reason *Timecode* was my favorite. These dudes were magical. Kalis had the sickest three flip, Mike Hayes did that lazer shit. Not to mention the creepy robotic bug intros; the segues of burning cars, fat dudes and paranormal shit; Fred Gall skating to my favorite Black Sabbath song—some things never change. It's safe to say that Alien Workshop's graphics, videos, riders, everything about them had—and still has—a huge impact on my skating. With the exception of a few Toy Machines, Anti Heroes and a couple randoms, pretty much every board I've skated has been from the Sect. I was at the *Photosynthesis* premier at The Esquire and I saw *Mosaic* premier in Dayton, Ohio. How could I not attend the *Mind Field* premier at The Dayton Art Institute?

The premier started at 7 p.m., so we figured it would be a perfect idea to show up around 7:10, snagging the last few seats left in the front row. I think staring straight up at the gnarlitude of Heath, Arto, Omar, AVE,

FIELD

Dill, Berra, Mikey and the others made their skating seem that much more powerful. They were like Gods; us just mere mortals barely worthy bearing ad photos.

Omar's starts off the video with that crazy-fast shredding that could get my mom hyped to skate. They push Dinosaur Jr. pretty hard, even throwing in a couple too many clips of J Mascis skating alongside Omar. If I remember correctly, the video has even more Dino J songs than my "chill" playlist. Everybody pulled off great parts, but my favorites are definitely Arto and Heath, followed by Omar, Dill, Grant Taylor—whose part, unfortunately, lacked the Gumbee-steezed stalefishes frequent in his recent Independent footage—and Tyler Bledsoe. Jake Johnson skates everything so good and Dylan Rieder has one of the sickest girl parts ever put out. Ha, just playin'. A friend told me that Rieder and I have similar style—"he's bitin' your shit," to be exact—but I was also once called a "fuckin' Perazzo rip-off," so what do I know...

Arto's skating has always been mind-fucking-blowingly-gnarly, and his part is no exception. I almost feared he had gone the way of the tailslide-on-a-bank, but instead he crushes massive kinked rails to a powerful Battles song. His double-kink slam—rocking a knee brace and cigarette—immediately proves that he's refused to mellow out. *Timecode* takes a nod as some robotic bugs hop around during the intro, synced perfectly with the music. And that's just one example of the myriad visual effects laced throughout. *Mind Field* also has some of that subtle social commentary that only AWS could pull off, my favorite being the Segway segue.

Naturally, Heath ends the video with what he does best: Pissing off security guards and ripping every spot to complete shit. Whether it's a Cardiel-esque, telephone-poll-high air or frightening handrail destruction, Heath's part has it. Literally, I'm scared to watch this dude skate sometimes. On top of all that, he does it to Morrissey! If this video doesn't make you want to shred, dude... you're fucked! (Or it might be February in Ohio and you have to work at six in the morning...)

1997: My Year of Transition

Words: Joe Dees

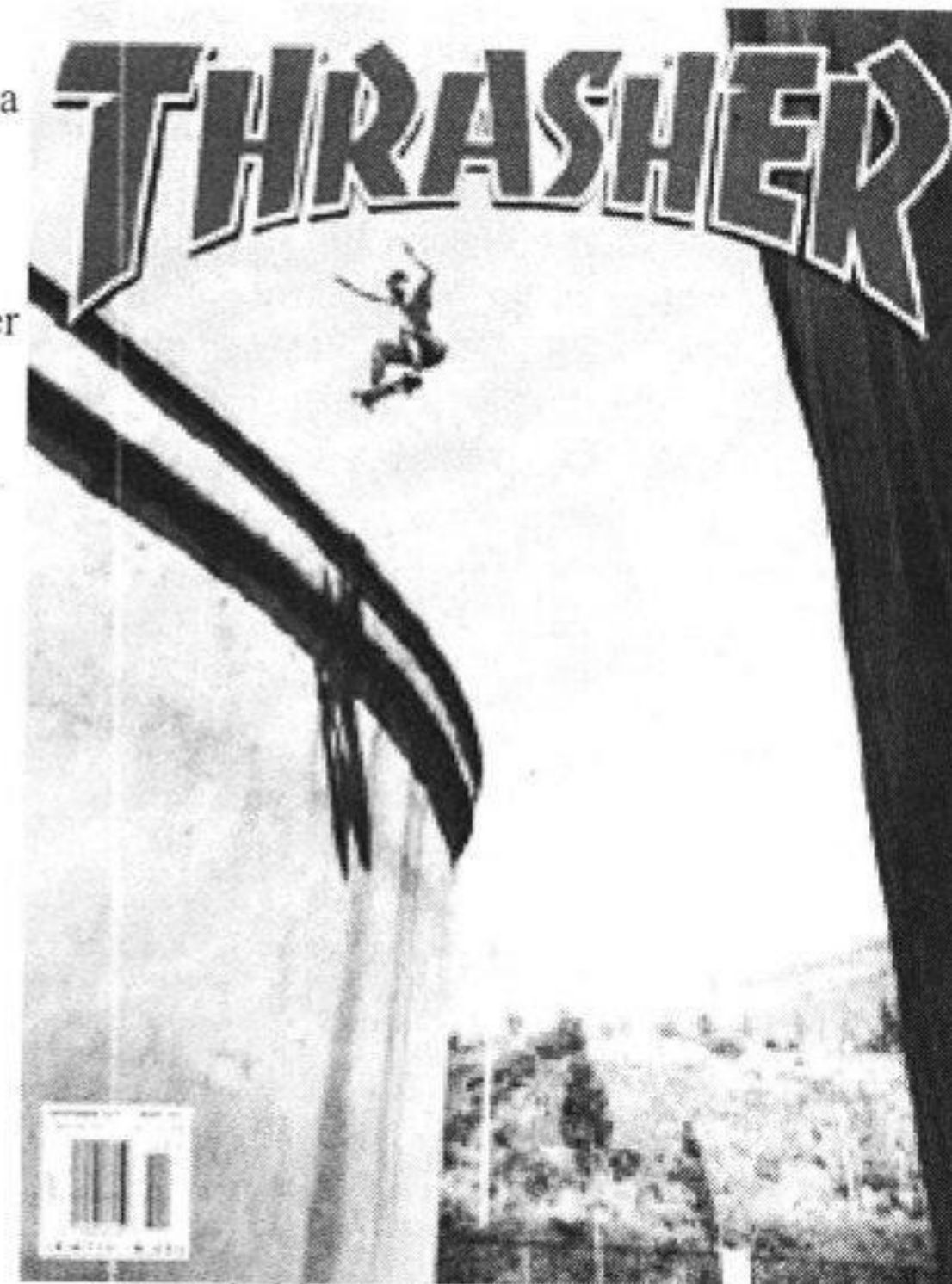
I have this odd belief that each of us has a year that stands out in our heads for whatever reason, possibly for no reason. For me that year is 1997. The Chinese called 1997 the year of the ox, the Packers won the Super Bowl, the Marlins won the World Series, Heaven's Gate committed mass suicide wearing sweet kicks, The English Patient won the best film Oscar, and Tony Blair became Prime Minister of the UK, but I didn't give a fuck: because I was obsessed with skateboarding. I honestly have no real reason for '97 to be the year I can't forget: realistically both 1996 and 1998 held greater events. 1996 saw the release of my Top 3 all-time favorite skate videos: *Girl's Mouse*, Toy Machine's *Welcome to Hell*, and World/Blind/101's *Trilogy*. 1997 was also the year I first met the guys I skate with to this day. In 1998 I broke my first bone skating (there would be a lot more—one per year for the next five or six years), graduated high school, our spot became *the* spot in the area (the Dirt Lot), I moved to Lexington where my worldview regarding skateboarding changed, I made new friends I still hangout with, and became associated with things that continue to "define" my skate career. But 1997 holds a special place to me, which may be because in my basement still hangs a Neighborhood Tour 1997 poster, in my bedroom hangs a Girl Skateboard Family 1997 poster and stashed away like a mummy in a sarcophagus surrounded by royal treasure in a footlocker of my favorite possessions and memories lies my all time favorite t-shirt, worn out to the point it could turn to dust with improper handling, a faded green rag which simply says: "Culture Skateboards 1997." Maybe 1997 wasn't all that special and it's just my reminders that make it seem so. I didn't have a girlfriend the entire year. One broke up with me just before Christmas 1996 and I stood the next one up to go skate because our date happened to fall on a day where the rain stopped unexpectedly and a friend's fun-

box called my name. However, remembering 1997, discussing it with friends in preparation for writing was a lot of fun and made me realize it was truly a year of transition for me and possibly skateboarding itself.

I started skating a few years previous, but was never really serious. For the first year or so, the only guys I skated with were a few of my friends I had played tee-ball with and still hung out with. We all skated hand-me-down boards from their older brothers or ones we had as kids. We looked at envy to the guy whose board had a nose. None of those guys really cared about skateboarding, and I'm not sure if I did then or not, it was just something to do when we were bored, waiting for the older friend with a car to get off work, or when looking for a new excuse to lurk nasty in a parking lot. My real excitement was when some of my older sister's friends would go skate with me out of pure altruism. They had all quit years before in favor of smoking pot and playing in bad punk or ska bands and still skated H-Street boards with the old bearing cap Skittle wheels, did pressure flips and impossibles and their idea of a spot was a single waxed parking block. By 1997 those guys had all long since graduated high school and moved away, as had my sister and I realized that skateboarding meant a lot more to me than it ever did to my other friends. In 1996, I still hung out with my old friends to go to parties or whatever, but had found new guys to skate with, guys that showed me real tricks and determination to do more than waste time. But 1997 was the year they became my primary friends, the guys I partied with, the guys I hung out with even on rainy days, went to punk shows with, and whose sisters I flirted with. It was my first year with a Thrasher subscription, and I would argue that it was better than Transworld because it was more raw and NorCal (not sure why that mattered to a bunch of fucks in Northern Kentucky, but it did) and not soft, southern California "pussy

shit" (that was one of my favorite terms as a teenager).

But most likely the biggest event that year was that my father gave me a 1984 Nissan pickup, an unassuming beige brother with 100k miles on the odometer and rust spots that gave it a camo look, which earned it the ever-famous "Desert Storm Troop" moniker: a vehicle I'd drive for the next nine years and will regret selling for the rest of my life. That truck gave me permanent mobility, not to mention the ability to haul as many as 11 friends to demos at Disc World (11 was the record and resulted in going 35 mph up the cut in the hill on the way home), the ability to carry launch ramps, fun-boxes, and portable flat-rails wherever we went. It of course became a fixture in the background of our video footage, inspiring a drinking game. This mobility is not to be under-appreciated, having my own wheels and little parental regulation, as I did while borrowing their cars, I was able to discover spots all over the area, attend demos, and most importantly, go to the then mythical Matt's Skateboard Supply just to hangout or whatever. I met guys there that would influence my skateboarding to this day. I was instantly obsessed with Matt's and Culture Skateboards, the place just felt like home. It was the first place I ever felt welcomed as a skateboarder. My friend told me that Matt Roberts was "a nerd," which was a great boost to my self-esteem in that I was always joked on for being "a nerd," so if a guy as cool as Matt was a nerd, I was proud to be one too (Matt, if you read this you should email me, it'd be awesome to skate and catch up). I don't really know what it was, but there was something about the fact that Culture was local (never mind the other local companies—for some reason they didn't compute) that made me realize that skateboarding wasn't just Cali, NYC, Philly, and the big companies. Skateboarding was everywhere, and it wasn't a huge, untouchable world outside of my grasp, the pros from the magazine were

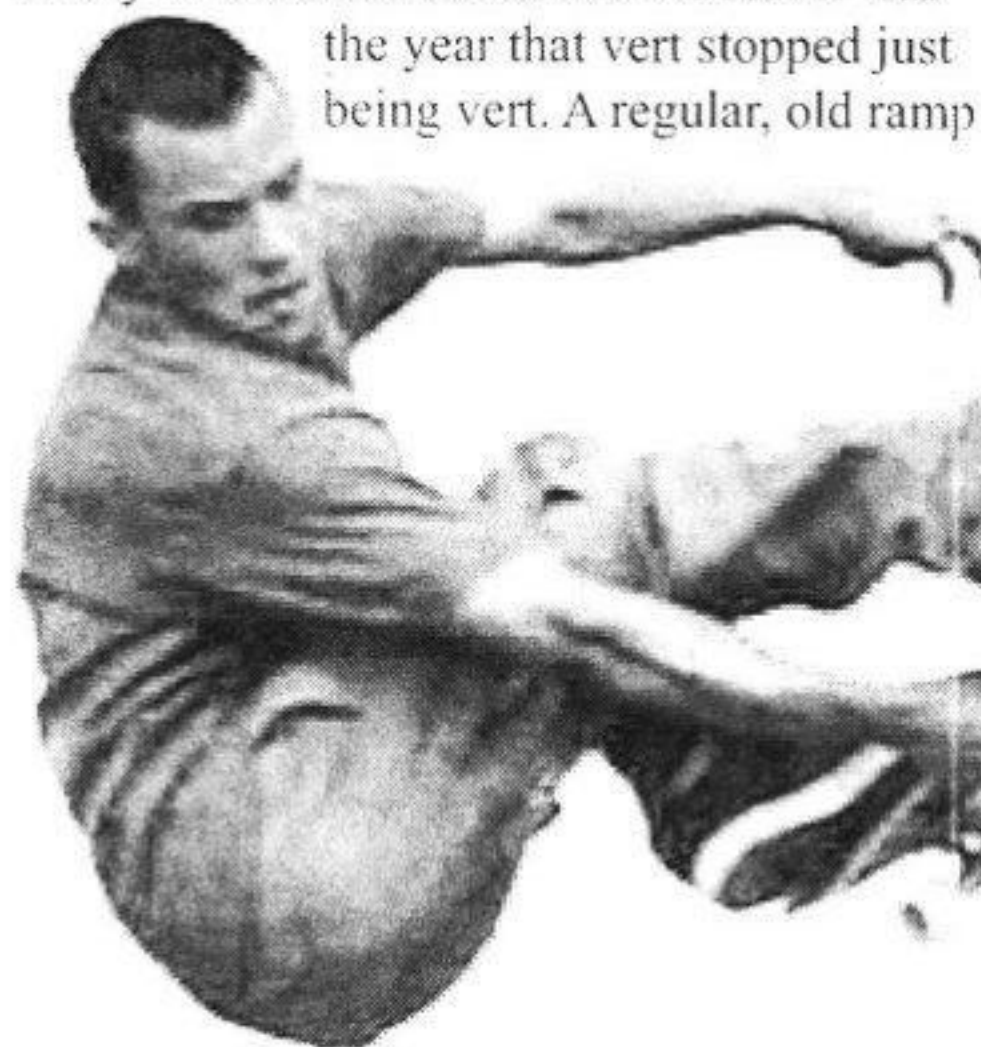


approachable as peers, as fellow skaters, as regular dudes—I was right all along, skateboarding wasn't a sport, it wasn't like the NFL or MLB; it was me, it was my friends, and we were skateboarding itself. I don't know why it took Matt's or Culture for me to realize that, but it all made sense, even if some companies did sellout and shit happened, the soul was still in the skater. Every time I lose faith in that I see some kid, the school outcast, ecstatically land a 50-50 in the shadow of the cool prodigy landing a backside smith on a bigger rail, but being pissed at his friend's camera work, I'm reminded where skateboarding's soul still lays. Actually I guess I met all those dudes and first skated with them in 1996, but I don't feel like deleting all that, so I'll just wrap that thought up by saying 1997 was the year "I got to know them," that they learned my name, and was first introduced to the bigger, broader Cincinnati area scene. The fact that I'd make the drive all the way to Matt's instead of rolling down the road to Triple A really said something for the guys there. Though now that I think about it, 1997 was the year I started skating with

Al, Arrington (hope I spelled that right), Anderson and those dudes, so that's kind of weird, I guess.

I don't know, I guess what I'm trying to say is that 1997 was the year I really got out and started skating for real, and learned that Cincinnati was really part of the skate world. That it has its rippers, its companies, its own developed and quality scene, and could be cool and fun. Somewhat ironically, 1997 was also the year I went to visit my sister in Lexington, KY for a skate park fundraiser event called "Board in Lexington," where I met dudes I'd skate with for years and who'd run the shop which would be my "home shop" for years (and in my heart forever). After the fundraiser, I decided that I wanted to move to Lexington and eventually went to college at UK.

1997 wasn't just a year of transition for me, it was also a transitional year for skateboarding in my opinion. On the video front, Plan B's *Revolution* marked what was the end of an era and empire, while Zero's *Thrill of it All*, Transworld's *Interface* and Rodney vs. Daewon ushered in a new era. Additionally, Consolidated's *Kings of Promotion*, Foundation's *Duty Now for the Future*, Alien Workshop's *Timecode* and Rhythm's *Genesis* were all released. Not to mention the Cincinnati classics Solid's *Take Five* and Culture's *Four Stories*—each bearing parts that could have been at home in any of the aforementioned videos. It was



wasn't good enough anymore. If I'm not mistaken, it was the first year Tony Hawk built a loop and in December of '96 Sergie Ventura broke Steve Caballero's 9-year-old high record, but in August of '97 Danny Way and DC built the first of their "super ramps" to take the record and set a new precedent for vert skating, which hasn't looked back. Jeremy Wray upped the ante and changed street skating forever when he ollied the 16-foot gap atop oil towers, the November '97 cover of Thrasher (the gnarliest cover ever, IMO). Other skateboarding highlights from 1997 are: Burnquist won Thrasher's Skater of the Year, Nike made Es take the 23 off the side of the Sal 23 shoe. Kit Erickson died, but Phil Shao (one of my all-time faves) was still alive, and Freshjive still had the coolest naked chick ads.

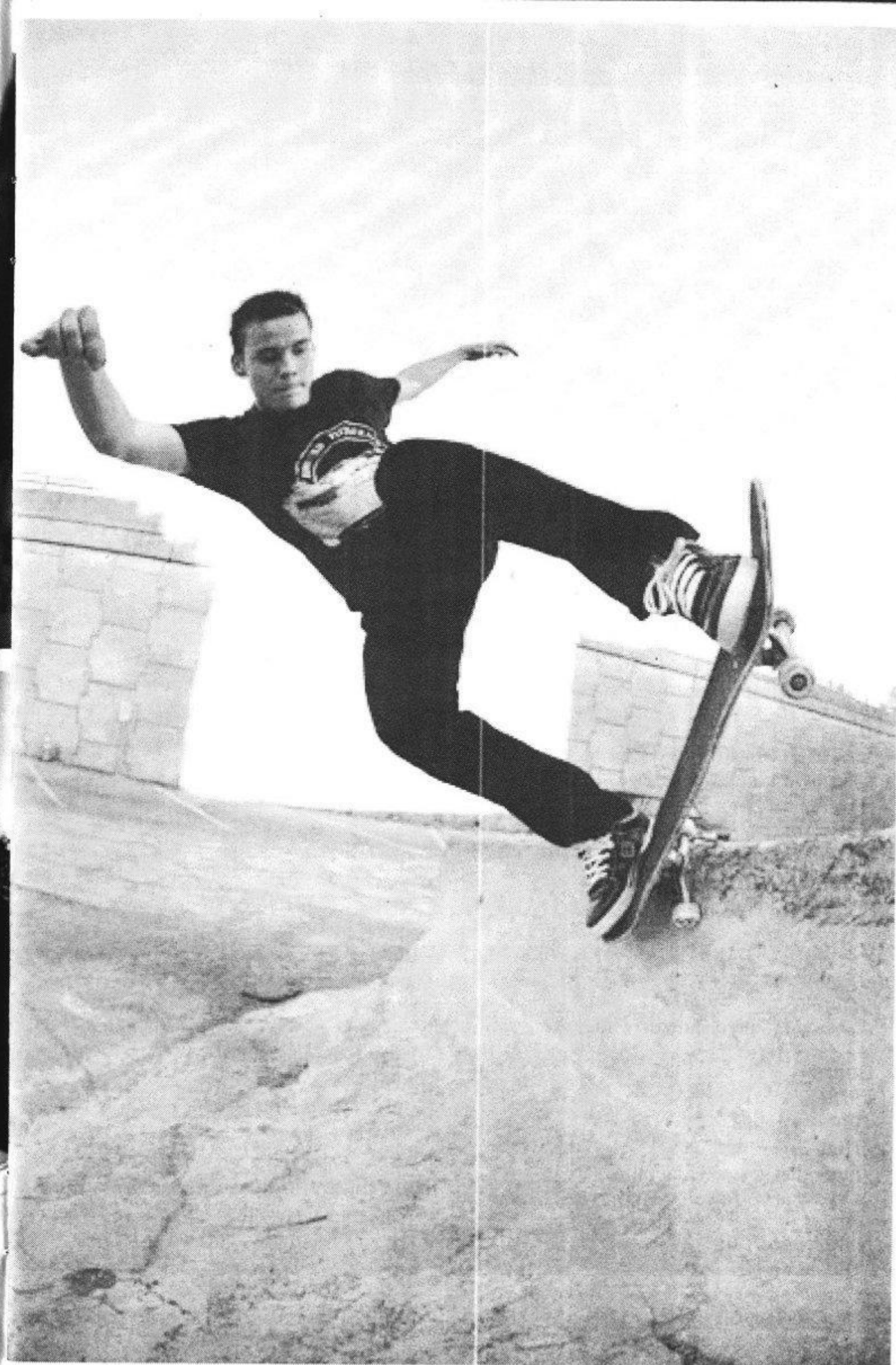
Like I said before, maybe 1997 wasn't all that, but it will forever stand immortal in my head. I wouldn't want to relive it, but it kicked ass. I also want to mention that in my research (reading through old magazines I have left from then) I noticed that in the December issue of Thrasher's letters to the editor there were separate letters from two guys I would really befriend the following year (a sign of my future?), one of whom I would later sponsor: Dan Eason, who asked "what are raiser pads?" among other ridiculous questions—yeah Dan, I just outed you!

And if anybody thought this article was whack, you're probably right, email me with a better idea for the next one. I'm trusting you motherfuckers, don't spambomb me. deezskateboards@gmail.com



1997 WAS A
LOT FUCKING COOLER...

FROM YOUR FRIEND MIKE DEYE



Clockwise from top left: Scott Zellner, smith. Photo: Chris Luessen; Ben Perkins, pivot fakie. Photo: Adam Lowe; Willy Akers, fs ollie. Photo: Bread.

Matt Zwizler

Top Fives

Bands

- Frank Black / Pixies
- Chuck Berry
- Ted Nugent
- It varies I guess, that's a rough question

Things about LBC

- New stuff to skate
- Fanning out on ams and pros
- Mexican food!
- The ocean's pretty sick

Things to miss in Indiana

- Skating with a crew
- Varying weather
- Skating Indy park during the day and then downtown at night
- Eating Yats
- Cheap(er) rent

Travel Destinations

- Northwest in the summer
- AZ in the winter
- New York with no snow
- Spring break in Panama City, maybe!?
- Never did that
- Anywhere with a crew

Crails

- Cardiel, by far
- Trujillo
- Not sure if anyone matters after these two...

Beers

- PBR
- Coors original
- High Life
- Ones that cost a dollar at bars
- Ones that cost two dollars at bars, I guess

Rise Locations

- Bloomington
- Carmel
- Fort Wayne
- All the other ones really suck

Skate Parks

- Indy Park
- Orcas
- Lincoln City
- Duvall, Washington

Indiana Videos

- Life Won't Wait
- Year of Grey - Devlin's new video
- Get Some
- Other Side of Things
- Weathered

Indiana Video Parts

- Jorr in Life Won't Wait
- TA's front porch website part
- Family section in Life Won't Wait, basically for Ryan Smith's line at Homewoods
- Lee Bender in Weathered
- Anything Tubbs makes

Bread Photos

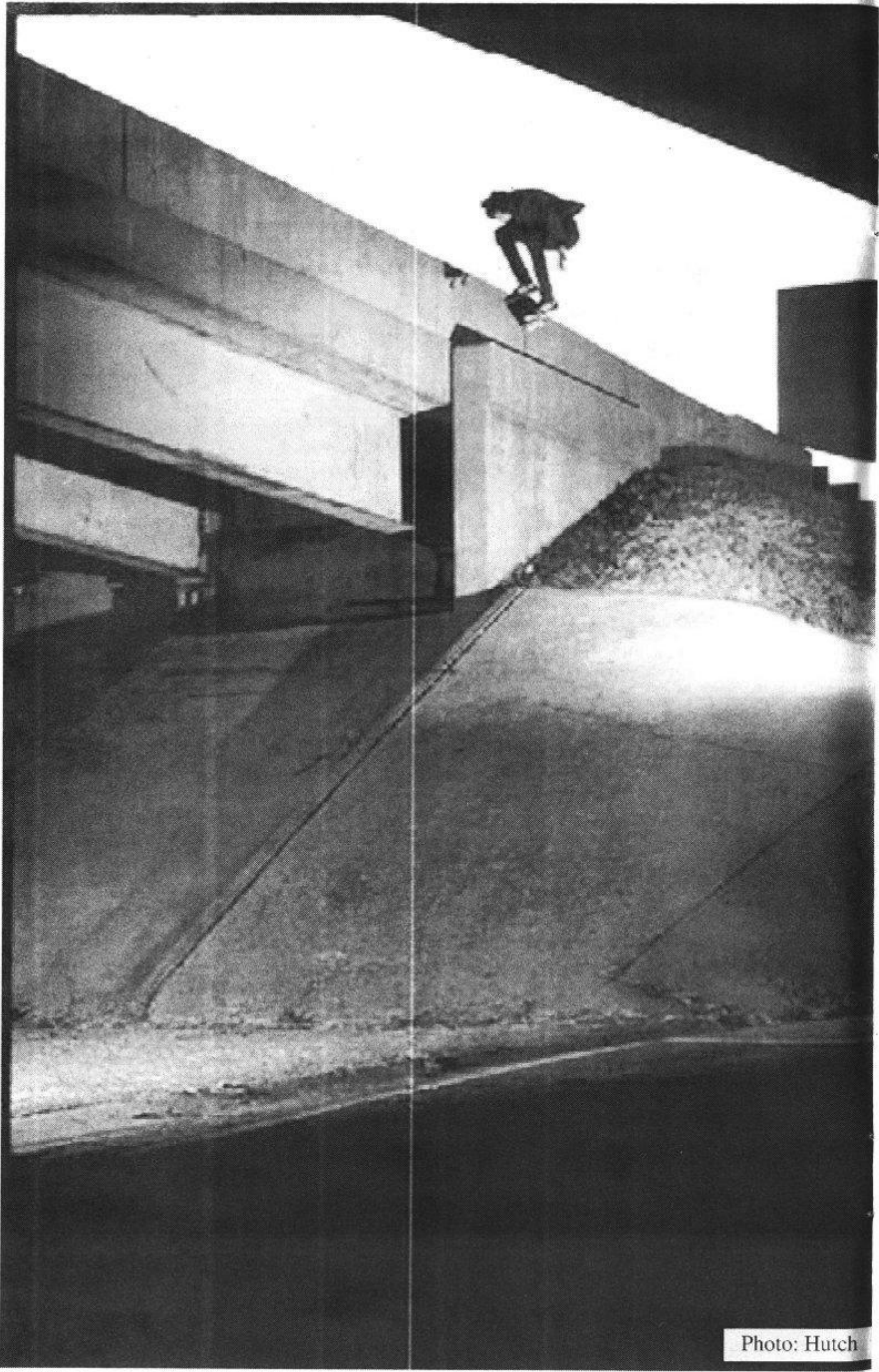
- Jersey Drew - Frontside airs! The one at Orcas is the sickest
- Jorr doin' a melon off a bump against the orange wall in Indy
- Preston Harper doing some front board popover in AZ somewhere
- Binkley's almost nose grind popover in Cincinnati is real sick
- Dylan's front feeble at the AZ park over the big quarter with the bump in the middle
- Larry Bao jumpin' off some wall being himself
- Bread's own self portraits back when he had long hair

Best things to search for on Youtube

- Wild animal encounters, fights, and whatnot
- Explosions on film, backyard and crazy-big real ones
- Natural disaster footage
- Skate parts
- Just typing in key words
- So much, Youtube might be the best thing ever created



Crailslide. Photo: Bread



Steve Fauser

Bottom Fives

Bands

- Lynyrd Skynyrd
- Rush
- U2
- Any other stupid white trash band
- Any band involving a famous actor, that shit sucks

Skate Videos

- The ones
- Without
- My friends
- In them
- The newer birdhouse video

Corporations

- Any meat or dairy companies
- IDOT... Illinois Department of Transportation
- Skate stopper companies
- Non-skater-owned skate shops
- Credit card and cell phone companies

Foods

- Anything that is not vegan
- Moldy bread
- Bagels with not enough toppings on them
- Corn nuts
- Not enough barbeque sauce or ketchup

Politicians

- Every
- Single
- One
- Of
- Them

Rails

- Rails that need signs on the runway
- Rails that need signs on the landing
- Greenwood, Indiana rail. Fuck that rail.
- Louisville waterfront rail
- Kinker rail in Mesa, Arizona

Drinks

- Anything that's not Mountain Dew
- Except for Coke, but fuck Coke without a lime
- Vodka
- Milk
- Tap water that tastes like sulfur

Cities

- I generally like most of the cities I travel to, I guess I'm easily pleased
- Cities with no good veg restaurants
- Cities with no good record stores
- Cities with no good rock 'n' roll bars
- Birmingham, Alabama

Skate Parks

- Any park that's not concrete
- Parks with bike and rollerblade and scooter kids
- Parks without my homies
- Helmet and pay parks
- Cold skate parks in the winter

Laws

- Every law is fucking stupid, we need more chaos
- Trespassing laws
- Parking laws, especially in Chicago. Fuck.
- Every law that has a loophole on behalf of the pigs. Which is all of them.
- Shoplifting laws, I wanna steal stuff

Photo: Hutch

The Andy Licardi Interview →

So what's up with your video?

It should be done in August. The filming deadline is August 1. It has parts from Zach Kincaid, Jordan West, Andrew Elliott, Ian Storm, Scott Zellner, Ed and Al will have a bunch of stuff, everyone who shreds Cincinnati will be in it.

What's the deal with Ian Storm?

What can I say about Ian Storm that hasn't already been said about the war in Iraq?

Who has last part?

I can't disclose that information just yet.

Who has a trick filmed?

Zach Kincaid: Not me, that's for sure.

Andy Licardi: Everyone has a lot of stuff. I don't know if they want to use it or not, but they really have no choice. I'm basically talking about Zach.

Zach, you never have a choice, do you?

ZK: Nah.

Andrew said he's not going to film anything for two months. What's going to happen to his part?

Andrew's had enough footage for the last five years. I could just re-film him jumping out of a window and use that for his last trick.

Is this video going to be Knock on Wood VI? Is there going to be another Knock on Wood?

I've always put a lot of thought into making another Knock on Wood and it will happen. I just don't have time for it this year with the other video in progress, but, I mean, I'll sit in the car and hear a song on the radio and it triggers something. I got a lot of ideas, there are some songs that can't go to waste.

Is there actually five Knock on Woods?

The next one will be the fifth one. When I was 14, I made The Adventures of Andy and Drew on two hi8 cameras, a VCR, a TV and a Playstation. That took three days of staying up the entire night and putting all the footage together. That video's now gone. I don't know what happened to it. The next video, Knock on Wood I, was maybe five or six minutes long and it was separate parts and everything. The parts were Richard Williams, Zach Kincaid, Ben Gear and Mike Whitaker. Knock on Wood II was never officially finished. The day after I made Knock on Wood I, my computer crashed so I don't know if there's an existing copy. I sent it to

a couple people when I made it, but then my computer crashed the next day. So it's not in existence. Then I got the computer fixed, made Knock on Wood II, but before I could finish it, the computer crashed again and that was all gone. Knock on Wood II, from what I can remember, had some dumb rap song for the intro, Mike Whitaker skated to Milkshake by Kelis. That might have been the only part I got done. Then I revived the series in 2007 with Knock on Wood III. I just stayed up for a night and made an entire video. Jordan West had first part, then Andrew Elliott, myself and Zach Kincaid.

Is that the first time you used the smith grind on NKU?

Yeah, that was the first time. I did that shit. There were no special effects involved and a K Brutal song was used in the intro. Knock on Wood IV, in 2008, that was the big one, the premiere. That was the caveman intro and everything. I planned to make a Knock on Wood IV and everyone wanted to have a party for it so we filmed a bunch at skate parks over the winter and I had all these ideas ready and didn't want to tell anyone anything. I just wanted to do it, make it at my house. I had the caveman intro in mind and I thought, "who could do this? Ben Drollinger." So I tell him—"this is a couple days before the video premiered—I said, "hey, I need you for this intro," he was like, "yeah, what is it?" and I was like, "I can't tell you, you just have to do it." So he got in my car, smoked a blunt on the way to my mom's house because that's where I scouted out the location and we made that caveman costume. We just took a sheet and stomped it in the dirt and he put it on—he had underwear—no Ben Drollinger dicks—and then we went in the woods during the fire scene, we actually caught like a whole lot of the woods on fire because we used car shit to light it. I had to stomp it out. Ben couldn't stomp it out cause he didn't have shoes on. It was just a solo mission, me stomping on this fire and Drollinger yelling "dude get it! Oh my god, it's spreading!" I eventually got it out and made Ben swear on his life that he would never tell anyone the events that just happened until after the video premiere.

What about skating around in the costume?

Kind of weird, but not as weird as you'd

think. No one really cared. We saw Adam 12, he works at Biaggio's, he was sitting outside on his break. He didn't actually ask why he was wearing a caveman costume.

Let's talk about that premiere...

Uh, I don't really remember the premiere. I had a baby blue suit that I borrowed from Felcher Bloom. He had this bag of suits that he stole from some crackhead's apartment. I didn't really ever question it, he really did have a bag of suits and there was a baby blue one with a matching clip-on tie. It was 10 sizes too big for me.

ZK: We had a raffle because I got a skateboarding ticket rolling down Wheeler. We went out and it was trash night, people were moving out of their apartments and getting rid of everything. So we stole this couch and this coffee table. Scott Licardi and Nick Pitroff are carting a couch and a coffee table in the middle of wheeler and I'm just skating down next to them and all the sudden this cop pulls up so I get off my board and I get on the sidewalk, cause you know how it goes. He's like, "I need your ID" and I was like, "me? Really?" Then Scott and Nick are like, "are we alright?" He was like, "you guys get that from the trash? Yeah, you guys are fine." So I sit there for probably 20 minutes while he's talking to me, writing all my information down. He gave me a ticket, said it was for \$104. The video premiere is coming up so we decide to have a raffle and Gib-Y said he would buy the whole box, it was like two or three skateboards and a couple shirts, for \$60. We ended up only selling \$20 worth of raffle tickets, so we lost money. I had \$20, I spent it way before I even paid my ticket. The ticket was only for \$60, so it could have been nothing.

You're nervous. You're smoking a lot of cigarettes.

AL: I've never done this before. So the video, I've basically been filming it for the past six years.

What's the oldest footage in there?

All the oldest, oldest footage went to Happily Divided, so that put a stall on the actual video, but that was a long time ago. I really didn't start because I kept changing the whole concept of everything that was actually going down within the last year. I've got it all down now. I know what I'm doing. I hate the way I filmed some of the shit before, I guess there's

some old footage in it, but no one will ever know it's that old. There's probably some weird gear in there, too, Darkroom shirts.

Fossil Pants. Zach, get in here and ask him some questions.

ZK: What's up with the old Volvo? How many times did you run out of gas in that thing?

AL: I've run out of gas more than any human being in the world has run out of gas. It's not that I can't afford gas it's that I hate getting gas. I've run out of gas probably over 20 times. I ran out of gas multiple times in my high school parking lot and Zach had to pick me up. I ran out of gas on the way to Fossil to work one time and I had to walk two hours in the snow to the old Satellite 13 and called Fossil and Ryan was so pissed. "Why would you go to Satellite? I don't believe this story!" I ended up going in for another shift that day and I was so pissed I didn't talk to anybody.

How are you going to break the mold of Cincinnati videos and not have it exactly like Streets is Talkin' and Keep on Pushing?

Absolutely no fuckin' Motown classics, no jazz, no fuckin' Kinks soundtrack, no Rolling Stones. Every part's going to be different, it's not only going to be tailslides on banks wearing flannels.

Just Zach's part, ooooh!

Every way the video can be different, it will be different. I'm going to cover the entire skate scene, an unbiased look at Cincinnati. It's never been done before. The trend in skateboarding right now is to be like, "I'm not following a trend. I'm just going to wear flannels and smoke weed and be a dirt ball and listen to The Kinks." You don't have to be a dirt ball, you don't have to be a shredder, you can skate everything. Ah, but that is a trend. I hate skateboarding. It's all the same

Why's everyone wearing Lowcard beanies?

Part of that dirt ball trend.

Scott Licardi: I got this for free. I don't pay for shit.

Except that big bag of Krogers, did you do the banana scam?

SL: No, but I thought about it. What's up with your filmer steeze, the back hand? What's with the back hand?

AL: The back hand is so my other hand

doesn't get in the way while I'm filming. SL: You look so gay doing it.

AL: I move my hands a lot when I skate, so I don't want to get it in the way, especially if my shadow's in it. I don't want my hand flopping around in the shadow.

What goes through your mind while you film?

Let this be over, let this be over.

What are your favorite videos?

Self-Proclaimed Legends, that's a great video, Art Bars, Workshop videos, This is Skateboarding, Osiris The Storm, sike, Harmony Korine movies, Dave Ackels videos, David Lynch movies.

Do you have any shout outs?

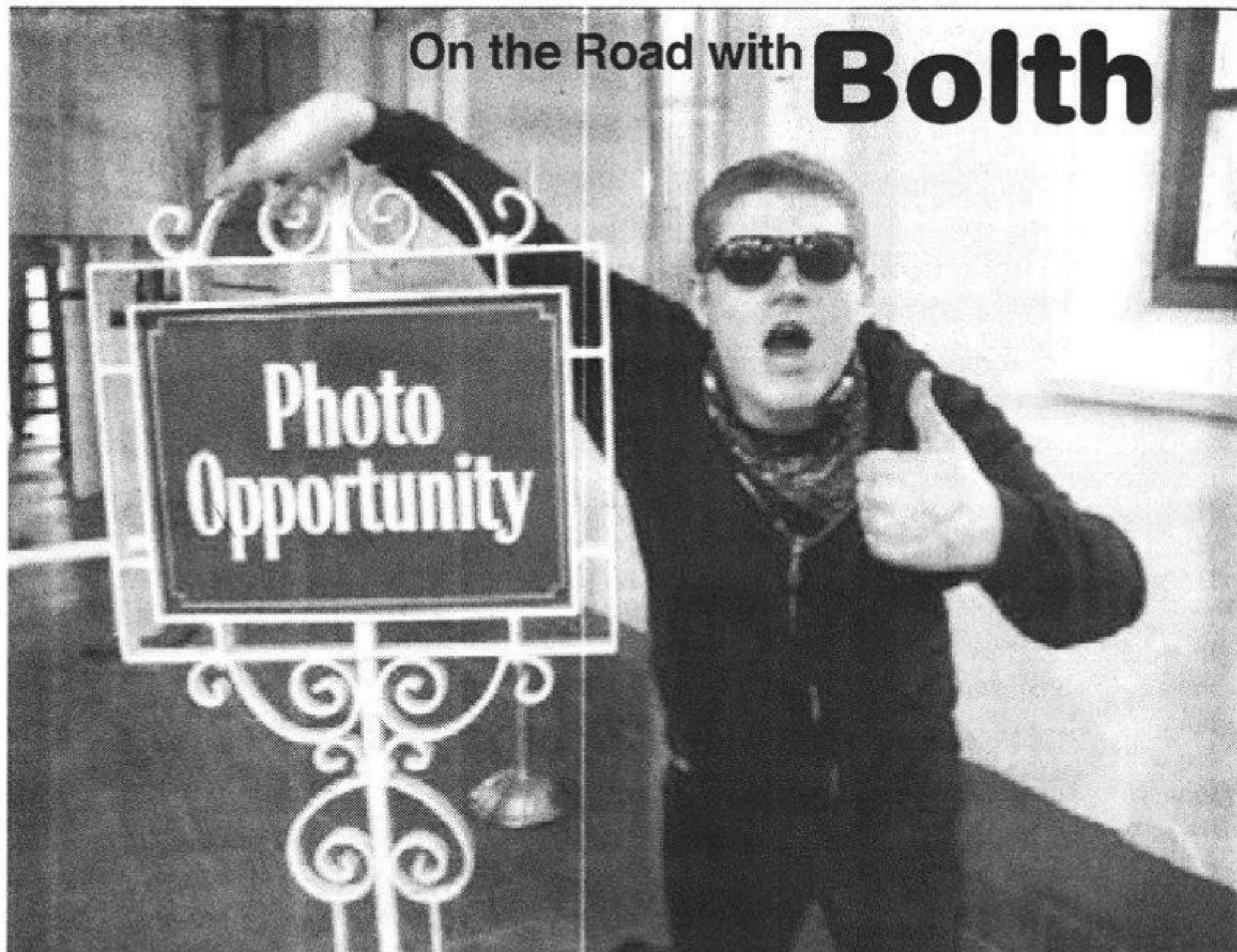
Everyone who's got parts and those who have helped get this video done. Nick Pitroff, Chad Bowers, Gib-y, Cleveland homies, Gabe Peterson, Andy Gabbard, Highschool, GC, pimps, hoes, players, johns, tricks, marks, mark-ass tricks, trick-ass marks, skeezers, skanks, skigscags and scallywhops. Shout outs are stupid, I should have just said "no."

Check out theskatekitchen.com and licardi.blogspot.com for clips, updates and more.



Top: Zach Kincaid, noseblunt. Photo: Chutney.
Bottom: Chris Malouf, ollie to disaster. Photo: Bread.

On the Road with **Bolth**



According to urbandictionary.com, Bolth is “a hardcore punk band from Indiana. My mom thinks I’m an alcoholic. What kind of shit is that? I don’t know what else I would call it—but that’s beside the fact.” Okay... Well, Bolth play intensely gritty and fast hardcore punk rock. The Indianapolis foursome throw in a little crustiness and a bit of metal, but the songs are built on a ripping-sick punk rock foundation. These dudes just finished what must have been an epic tour and, thankfully, vocalist JS jotted down a nostalgic look at Bolth’s March 13 – 23, 2009 adventure.

Chicago, Illinois - Some Auto Shop

This show happened in the auto shop after it closed for the day. We knew ahead of time that they would have vegan food for us, so that was awesome. Unfortunately, the sound setup was pretty bad, even for a punk

show, but we still gave it 100 percent. We played with a band from Santo Domingo called La Armada, who had a great message and sound. The diversity of this show was refreshing. James’ sister lives in Chicago, so we crashed at her place after the show.

Ah, what’s a tour these days without the point-and-shoot? Previous page: Guitarist/vocalist Mitch having a blast at the Anheuser-Busch tour in St. Louis. Yep, those are Xs on his hands. This page: It’s all about making new friends on the road. JS kissing cute doggy Carlos in Fayetteville, Arkansas. Next Page: This must be Scarface’s mom’s station wagon, Joplin, Missouri. Photos courtesy of Bolth.

Apparently, in a playful drunken scuffle, James kicked me down some stairs. I don’t remember this.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin - The Garfield House

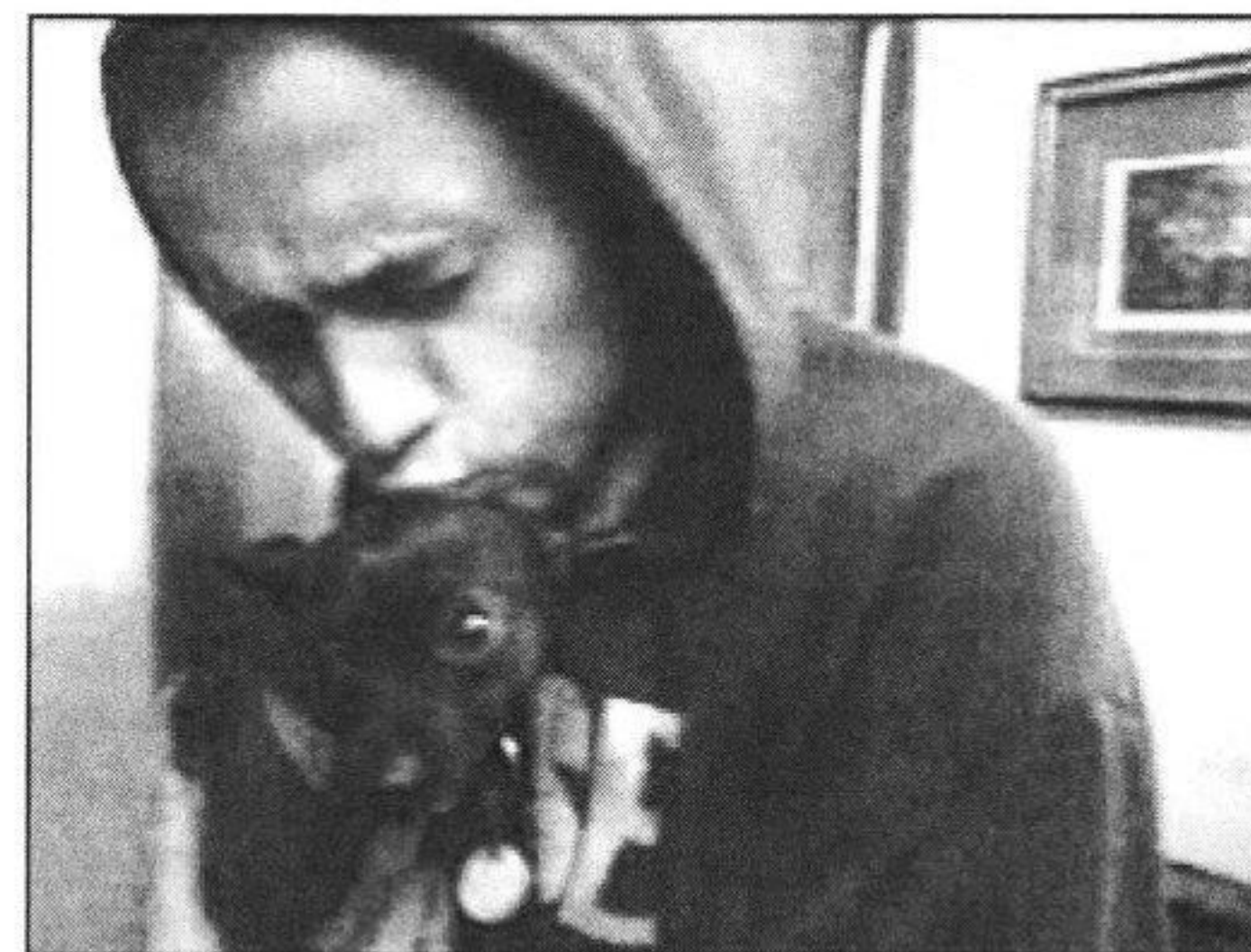
Jason from Half Gorilla put this show together and he is such a dude. During a liquor store run, I saw a restaurant security guard deliberately hit a fleeing vandal and a bystander dog with his car. During the show, Mitch broke his guitar strap halfway through a song, only to finish the song with the guitar held up behind his head. Relaxing at Jason’s after the show, four of us began making plans to get pentagram tattoos. By the next morning, two of us sobered up and we all backed out, probably for the better.

Madison, Wisconsin - The Frequency

The Frequency could be called a “nicer” dive bar, probably attributable to Wisconsin’s natural charm. And while the venue was “nicer,” the show was totally legit. The guy doing the show had vegan spaghetti for us, which was delicious. We played with some crusty punk bands that I enjoyed considerably. Some of us slept in a former church turned punk house. I got drunk and had a heart-to-heart with the bar manager, who I might’ve freaked out with an erratic presentation of my personal problems.

Lincoln, Nebraska - Knickerbackers

I woke up confused somewhere and the guys picked me up (thank you, GPS). We got to the venue to find out that the only



local of three bands cancelled the day of the show. This is the situation you dread when you’re on the road, but we’ve learned that all you can do is have fun, regardless. We played 100 percent and made some friends. Unfortunately, we didn’t meet anyone who could lodge us that evening, so we had to get a hotel. Four guys, two in each bed. Mitch says I touched his butt in my sleep, but I think he was just dreaming, if you know what I mean.

Joplin, Missouri - Blackthorne

We played at an Irish-themed bar / pizza place. It’s owned by Roger who is unbelievably nice and down-to-earth. We played with this solo guy, and during our set, his wasted mom came up to sing Minor Threat with us. Instead of yelling “FILLER!!” she just excitedly said “four twenty!” Roger gave us two vegan pizzas, and they were awesome. The bartenders were so hospitable, and one of them even turned up the jukebox so I could enjoy Amy Winehouse at a sufficient volume. We slept

in the bar, and I comfortably retired to one of the two rounded booths.

able to talk to someone on the road who profoundly understands what we're trying to do, in addition to having a normal discussion that includes respectful disagreement. Eventually, we all got too tired to talk and I retired to one of Lemp's many couches.

Nashville, Tennessee - FooBar

Mark made us coffee and his oat creation for breakfast, and it was excellent. We did the Anheuser-Busch brewery tour before leaving St. Louis for Nashville. I knew this day would be a bit strange since we were staying with my ex of 3.5 years. The good news is that she has

a tiny Boston Terrier named Oliver that we could play with. I thought our show went well, although after we played, I was more exhausted than usual. I think the lack of good sleep had caught up with me and I had to take a brief nap in the van before hitting the bars with James and the ex for a bit. Mitch and Will, the non-drinkers, headed back to her place where I'm sure Oliver wore them out with his adorable antics.

Bloomington, Indiana - PSJ Dancefloor

This last show of the tour was all Indiana bands, and it was good to see familiar faces. This "venue" is a basement near the IU campus that does mostly hardcore shows. I had a contact lens knocked out during our set and I was very lucky to find it on the floor, because I have no glasses and only one spare lens. I really want to emphasize how great it was to come home to this show, because the lineup, while local, was still somewhat diverse as far as scene factions are concerned. We all got along and enjoyed ourselves, which is something taken for granted all too often in my opinion.

Fayetteville, Arkansas - The Teepee House

I will forever remember this city as the place where a transsexual showed me her synthetic vagina. As her girlfriend was dragging me outside to see it, I remember thinking how I had gone to all this trouble to go on tour and I might as well experience something new. There was also a purebred, all-black Chihuahua at the show named Carlos who was mind-blowingly adorable. The house we played at had a lot of animals, so towards the end of the set, I started sneezing a lot. I left there with a girl named "Shammy" to see a band play in some bar. I remember watching them and trying to control my wobbling, trying not to look drunk.

St. Louis, Missouri - Lemp Arts Center

Again, I woke up somewhere confused, and the guys picked me up (thanks again, GPS). We arrived at Lemp and they had vegan food for us, which is always appreciated. The show was fun, but I especially enjoyed staying up and talking with the owner, Mark, because he is one of those guys who really gets it. I can't express how great it is to be



Above: Max Palmer, tailslide. Photo: Jordan Zuppa. Below: Aryeh Kraus, 5050. Photo: Bread.



having parties in their basement or a fully organized venue. They tend to be personal in a way that you just can't create in a club or a bar. At the same time, there's something about the whole "rock show" spectacle of a good club show, so I like to do both. On our upcoming tour we're playing both a DIY show and a club show in a few cities, it's like the best of both worlds. As for booking agents limiting the number of DIY shows we could do, I think most booking agents have gotten onboard with that scene already—Tris gets requests from some of the big indie agencies to have shows at Danger Danger all the time."

One example of their open-minded take on playing shows is their recent 10 a.m. slot at the Progday festival, which Pycior describes as "hot and wholesome."

"It actually wasn't the earliest we've ever played," adds Platt. "We did a show at a high school in the Bronx once, at some kind of morning assembly. I think we played at 8 a.m."

Considering Skeletonbreath's touring schedule, plus the fact that these dudes thrash live, there's quite a bit of wear and tear on their instruments. Going through upwards of one violin bow for every show or two can get pretty costly. "If I have enough time, I get my cheap bows rehired with black horsehair," says Pycior. "It's unbleached and much stronger. If I don't

have the time between tours, I stock up on cheap white horsehair bows."

Skeletonbreath recently hit the road for a national tour spanning early April to mid May in support of their newest album, *Eagle's Nest, Devil's Cave*. "This album's production is great," says Pycior. "It sounds dirty, live, but clear enough. The energy from the performances in the tracking and overdubs come through. The music is heavier. The melodies and rhythm transcend genres."

"The new record has a lot of other instrumentation on it," adds Platt. "Organs, pianos, guitars, horns, accordion, and Bob does a lot of violin multi-tracking stuff. Live, I think we work best as a trio, though."

"I think it feels very different from *Louise*—mainly just due to the fact that we grew a lot as a band in the time between the two records. I will say that this is the first time we've been able to make a recording that I think measures up to our live show—not that it sounds like our live show and it's not supposed to."

With the pressure of releasing their sophomore album, the stress of their hectic and constant tour schedules and big city life resting on their shoulders, you'd think the members of Skeletonbreath might feel some anxiety or nervousness. How do they deal with that? "I'm in Holland," says Pycior. "I'm quite high right now. Thank you."

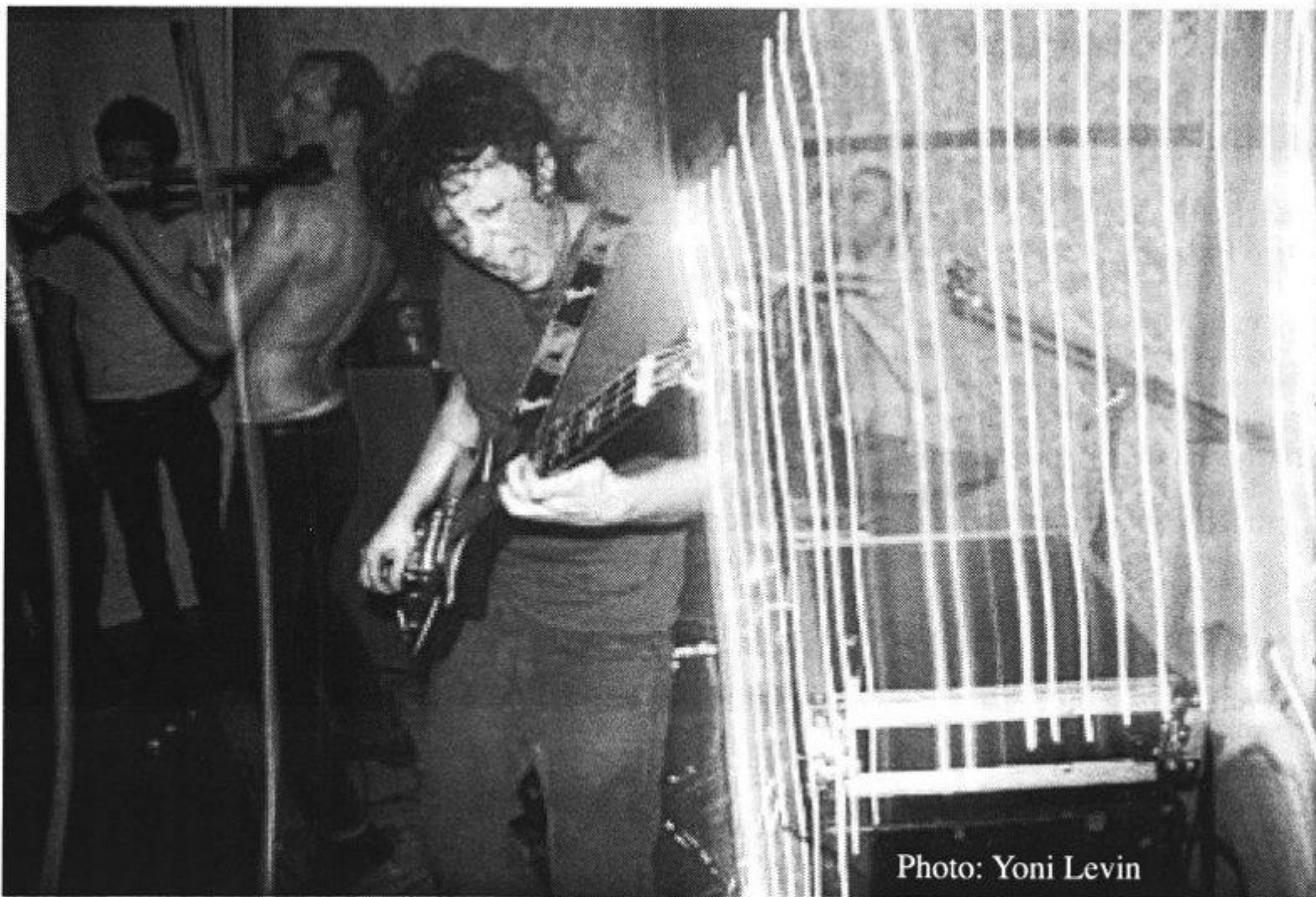


Photo: Yoni Levin

how much shrimp you got? lots. they ain't bitin'. Put the hot dog on, they bitin' that. i told you. they like that real food. i'ma throw some chicken in there, i bet they'd bite that. i'ma throw some kfc in there. shrimp is fish, how they gonna eat they own kind. i guess they like jeffrey dahmer then, he ate his own kind. he's sick.

words overheard at burnett woods by kevin bruce

painting women by anonymous



The Wingnut Chronicles: *I Went to a Witch's House.*

by Polycordia

Seriously, it was almost up on chicken's feet.

Louise and I always butt heads at the info shop. She usually only comes in once a month for the Really Really Free Market and brings bags of cotton balls and other odds and ends with her. She is an old woman from Upper Arlington, a suburb of Columbus, Ohio, who always complains about everything. She acts as if I am her girl there to serve her. She also claims to have multiple chemical sensitivity, so she is always drawing our attention to chemicals in our immediate environment. I think this is generally positive, since I think chemicals are pretty bad for everybody, not just people who think they have this disorder.

Once, I acted like I was going to kick her out of the shop because she wouldn't stop complaining. I came in to open right at 2 p.m. with my arms laden full of food for Food Not Bombs. I had been up early working with the food and cooking the big meal and was still carrying things in when she complained that the sign wasn't flipped so people wouldn't know the shop was open. I had been there about two minutes and was still setting up when she started in grouchy. I told her she had to stop complaining or she would have to leave and that she was welcome to try to fix the problem herself, but that she was not allowed to just complain.

That was last month. This month I tried to be civil, and things went pretty well during my volunteer shift. It was a struggle this week to get food together for FNB, but we all managed to potluck it and had enough food for Fred, the other bums and the activists to eat. Now Fred, the grumpiest bum, and Louise, the suburban hag, started to butt heads and Fred threatened to jack Louise up and rob her. Fred is generally pretty civil and he always thanks me for cooking for him. I think he has been on the street a long time. But we all have our moments, and it's no wonder why Louise pissed him off. I generally want to punch her in the face when she starts, but I am not a physical person and only resort to verbal argumentation.

I had to lock Fred out of the shop, and since it was sort of cold and wet out, he eventually decided to go home to his squat or bando. Louise always needs a ride home, and complains that we haven't devised some transportation system to pick her crazy ass up from the suburbs. I told her that most of us hardly ever drive, that we ride our bikes. She is so old though, that I think she just has another one of the old ladies from her neighborhood drive her to see us. I offered to drive her home, since I did have my car and since Fred had threatened to wait for her outside, jack her up, rob her, call the cops on her, follow her home and burn her house down with her in it. He's done it before, he declared. Oh, good lord. I told him we like having him around but that if he did physical violence to anyone at the shop he would not be allowed to come back, and that that would be a real shame. No kidding. Well, he's very old and feeble, he's had a rough life and needs a lot of care. So there.

I drove Louise home and Marco came with me, probably to help diffuse the situation in case Louise pissed me off and I wanted to fight her. Louise wanted to tell us all about her plants because we are starting a community garden near the infoshop, the Arawak City Gardens. She showed us the gnarly trees in her front yard and her garlic bobbles. We entered her house through the garage, and inside there were piles of plant matter. We went into her mudroom between the garage and her kitchen and it smelled like... the most lush forest I had ever smelled—like pure nature, outside and unpolluted. It was a beautiful, earthy brown smell, alive, dead and decomposing, growing and bacterial and circular.

Unsurprisingly, Louise washes and saves all of her trash. It is organized and sorted into piles. She is a packrat—her house is filled with junk and there's debris in every corner. Where there isn't trash, there are growing plants, piles of leaves and grasses, and some of the art she has woven out of found objects. I told her we should have an art show for

her at the SPORE, showcasing her woven pieces. She has some featuring tarantula skins encased in plastic and framed with woven fibers. Another art piece she showed me was the model of the triple eclipse and the three minor eclipses from the Dark Crystal. She had a couple of big woven pieces that looked like great wasps nests.

She got some plant cuttings and seeds for me and Mark. She acted like some of the seeds she had would be destroyed by the authorities if they were discovered, so she gave them to me. They were pumpkin seeds, some heirloom variety, but not like pot or a hallucinogen or anything to get you high, just an odd variety of pumpkin seeds. Who knows, maybe they are somehow magical.

She led us to the upstairs of her cluttered house to get more plant cuttings.

The room we went to had windows on three walls and had been completely rewilded. It reminded me of some primitivist anti-civ kids I met one time. Maybe this is what they were talking about. The room was like a swamp, mucky and forested. There were piles of leaves and grasses piled up against the walls. In the middle of the room, she had constructed a pond out of plastic containers, and some water plants she called lilies were rooting there in the water, crawling out onto the carpet. The three of us chatted for a while. She was excited to have company, and she told us about the plants she was growing, how some of them were chimeras, meaning they had the cells of two kinds of plants in them but they were not hybrids. This reminded me of chimeras in mythology, like the Pegasus, mermaids, centaurs and the griffin. Totally magical and trippy. I think George W. Bush may also have made a public statement against chimeras, which had more to do with cloning and stem cell research. I joked that his worst nightmare was a Pushmepullyou unicorn, Pegasus, centaur hybrid. I often drew this creature on

She acted like some of the seeds she had would be destroyed by the authorities if they were discovered

my friends as a marker tattoo.

As I was crouching down looking at the plants, I glanced down next to me, and sitting in the dirt in the middle of some plants was a big, hairy tarantula! I screamed just a bit and we both jumped, me and the tarantula. I was scared for about five seconds, until I remembered that the creatures are

generally not that aggressive or dangerous, and it didn't seem to be very interested in biting me. So I just looked at it, and yeah, Louise said that she had a few tarantulas in cages, but they all died except for the one that got loose in her house and it survived because it could follow the air currents of the temperatures that were good for it. She said that once she found out it was alive in the house, she bought it a mate. I don't know if the male was still around, but she said if there were babies she would take them to a reptile show, because they also like tarantulas at the

reptile show.

Shortly after seeing the tarantula, it was time to go. I had had a long day cooking and feeding bums, activists and other wingnuts and felt about to crash. Mark helped me make a graceful exit. On the way home I reflected that I probably just hate Louise because we are so much alike, and maybe one day I will be as crazy as she is and totally rewild my whole entire house. Even though she is a crazy wingnut, I respect her because she is a free actor who is doing whatever the hell she feels like and she has the liberty to be different. I respect Louise in all her craziness much more than people who just let themselves be oppressed. She is a squeaky wheel who makes a lot of noise, and some of her complaints earlier in the year actually led to Food Not Bombs being served on Sundays at the infoshop. I sure can't stand her, but her fighting spirit motivates us in one way or another, and I am sort of glad that she is among the eccentric folks we attract and give home to at the infoshop.

Polycordia is a SPORE infoshop volunteer and cooks for food not bombs.

PUPPY LOVE

Being a Punk Urban Professional in These Crazy Fuctup Times

Words: Polycordia

I sometimes feel a lot of tension in my life as a legal professional and as an anarchist punk. I have explored my identity to the limits on my way to becoming a radical lawyer. When I thought about going to law school, a lot of my punk friends said I would be a sell out. I have never completely gotten over those criticisms, but my friends' harsh words did a lot to motivate me to stay true my principles.

My personal ethics are what motivated me to try living off-grid, stop spending money, and a little strangely, to go to law school. By never forgetting where I came from, I integrate my punk lifestyle with a profession I can use to help out my drunk-punk friends with their jay-walking tickets and bike DUIs, and hold our world leaders accountable for their fuck-ups. I use my skills in the political and anti-political activism that is so important to me and my crew of good people in Arawak City, once known as Columbus, Ohio: the SPORE infoshop, Arawak City Food Not Bombs, and Ohio Election Protection.

I come from a feminist and anti-war activist background in Central Ohio. A little later I discovered anarchy and lifestyle activism in Arawak City. Before briefly "dropping out," I worked as a secretary and became increasingly dissatisfied with the world of bosses and hierarchy, and the consumerism that was ruling my life. I ended up quitting my job and living a freer but harder lifestyle in the year between being accepted and actually starting law school.

Amazingly, at law school people did not think I was some sort of freak for my political views. They actually respected what I had to say and listened to me.

Somehow, my aggro-punk personality fit well with the intensity and competition of this strange (cleaner) new crowd. I did not label myself as a radical, punk or anarchist when I got to school. I also made sure I had the stable lifestyle I needed to do well in school. That meant buying groceries instead of eating out of the trash, and renting an apartment with my partner instead of scum-fucking around and squatting. I viewed what some would see as improvements in my life as compromises. As a punk, I had made many of my lifestyle choices because they reflected my value system of going against the grain and not accepting our corrupt money system.

Having been a grassroots anti-war activist it was very satisfying to work in an International Court and actually help prosecute a war criminal who was responsible for the extermination of thousands of civilians. The person whose case I worked on was not just a dude following orders, but one of the top guys—the commander of the Yugoslav Army. As someone who sometimes identifies as "anarchist" it was weird and contradictory to participate in an international governing body, even just to prosecute someone in the government who did fucked up stuff to

regular everyday people. I do not necessarily object to government on principle, but I object to government in its current state because of its capacity and tendency to abuse the power. While I am glad that war criminals are being held accountable in some way, I worry that an international court will also abuse its power.

I am back in Ohio now, and most recently I have worked on preventing election fraud in Ohio during the 2008 elections. There has been a bit of tension with my lifestyle politics and the job I am doing. One source of tension is voting, because like many of my friends, I do not see voting as the most significant way that a person can be a political agent. Voting is only one day a year, and there are so many other important things that need to happen in my community every day at a grassroots level for positive change to happen, such as creating our own collectives to work on food, housing, and transportation justice issues. At the same time, the fact that voting is only one day a year is all the more reason to do it—especially if you are a young person, female, skin color minority or queer. Sometimes when male-bodied people tell me that I shouldn't vote because it is stupid, I respond that they can go ahead and not vote if they want to, but my foremothers were tortured and died in jail so I could have the right to vote, and no man can tell me not to vote.

A lot of the election protection work I have been doing in Ohio this year involves making sure that African-American voters and college students are not being discriminated against and being taken off the voting rolls unfairly. Even though I wouldn't emphasize voting as something that is going to save us from the certain evils of politics and corporate power, I do think ensuring election fairness is one way to prevent corruption on a basic level. Still, much more needs to happen at the level of individuals and communities to keep corporate consumerism and hierarchical power structures from ruling our lives.

Well, I guess the purpose of writing this article has been to encourage all the punks to keep living by their principles, to keep fucking up the power structure so that we can build a better world where people are

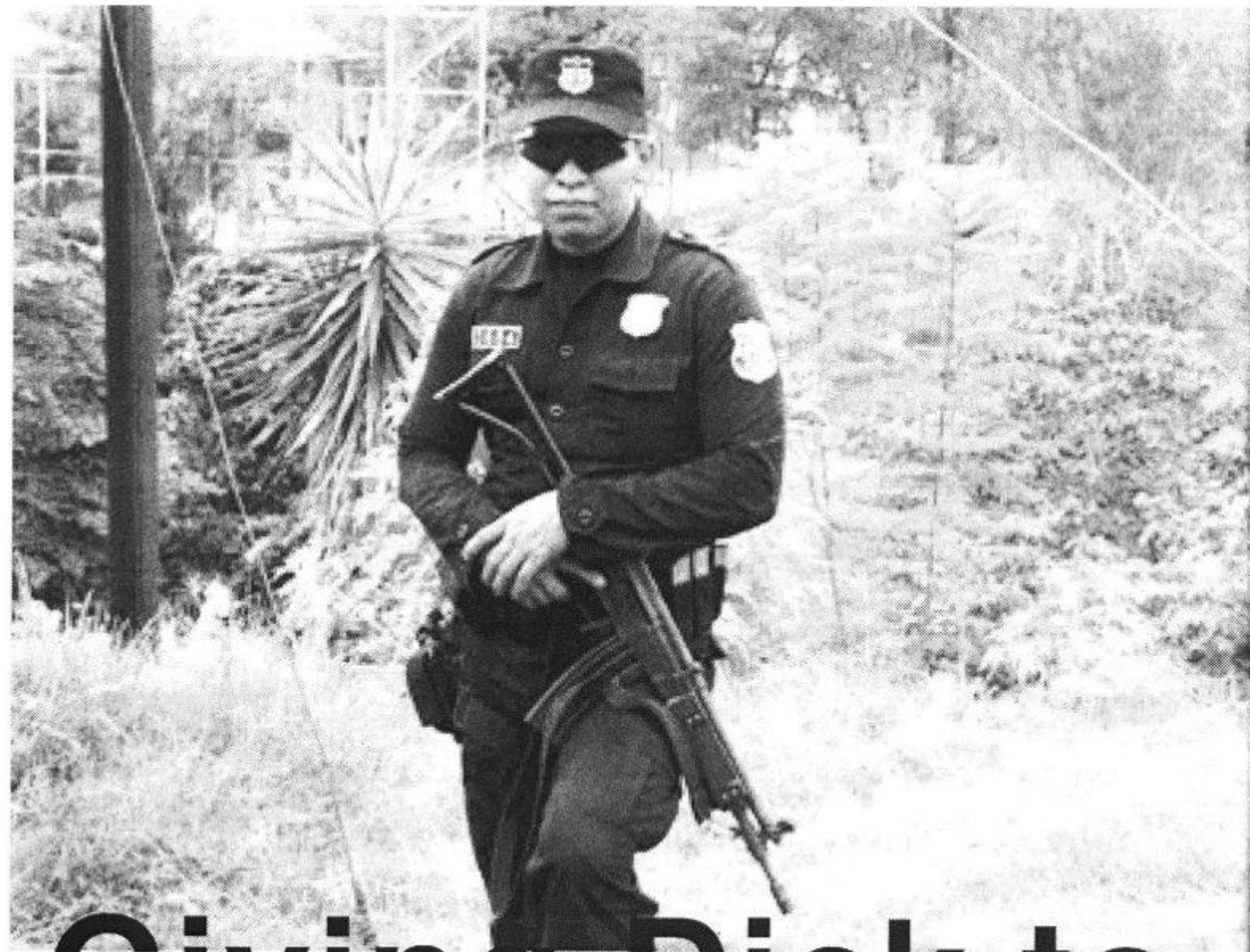
not oppressed because of the shape or color of their bodies or for where they are from or who they love or because they don't have a lot. It's okay to drop out and not participate in corrupt systems that hurt people, but it's also important to empower yourself and gain skills and tools to use for survival or to help others in your community.

One question I would pose to anarchists and punks in light of the recent economic crash is, did we do this? Did we get what we wanted? Is it possible that all of the petty scamming, dumpster diving, and anti-capitalist separation tactics like squatting played a role in crashing the economy? I don't have the answer to this question. Although I think it is more likely the corrupt activities of bankers who committed similar activities such as embezzlement and fraud, I want to point out how relevant our criticisms of the mainstream corruptions of our society are, and also that each and every one of us have the ability to have a small or large effect on our world.

Write to me at polycordia@arawakcity.org



Ben Perkins, fs air. Photo: Kreagles.



Giving Dick to Kids Worth Dick

Words and Photos: Danny Burrige

My buddies are very proud of their pastime of sneaking into concerts. You just can't beat the satisfaction of illegally seeing live music for free (some would call it theft perhaps). They've got a long list of credentials, but their favorite was when there were tons of them (about 50) trying to sneak in when the Misfits came. When the first song rang out, everyone bum-rushed the entrance and the bouncers couldn't keep them out. It was a short-lived success. Some drunk hooligan nailed Jerry Only in the forehead with a half empty bottle of beer and he started bitching out the entire country of El Salvador. You'd be surprised how many Salvadorans understand "fuck you." The former fans then rushed the stage, but the band got away. However, a group of faux punkers riding in an SUV with tinted windows (who the

drunken mob figured just *had* to be those bitch-ass Misfits) weren't so lucky.

But that's just hearsay. This past Holy Week—Good Friday, to be sure—me and my buddies tried to sneak in to the Calle Trece concert close to the beach. We spent the afternoon revving motors with Flor de Caña in our throats and sand up our asses until we went for the glory around 9 p.m. I'll spare you the gritty details because that's not the point. Suffice to say only three out the five of us made it. Marito and Gaban ended up waiting in Gonzo's car smoking joints and drinking beers while the rest of us listened to shitty reggaeton-rock fusion (don't ask). Then some police caught sight of them (luckily they were between joints and the authorities don't care too much about alcohol) and told them to get the fuck out of

there because, if they weren't at the concert, it was private property. Gaban fed them an elaborate lie about the girlfriend he doesn't have and one of the police started to jab him with his beat-down stick. Gaban became pissed and bitched the officer out until he ripped him out of the car and hit him with his beat-down stick, all the while shoving them both towards the concert exit.

When the rest of us finally found Marito and Gaban waiting outside the concert venue, they were royally pissed. The whole hour and a half ride home to San Salvador, Gaban was bitching about how the police had kicked his ass. In Salvadoran Spanish, "kick someone's ass" is expressed as "darle verga," to literally give dick to someone. Now, he was fed up. He was 27 years old, the police had given him a shitload of dick and as of today, he was getting the fuck out of this shitty country which had never offered him the most minimal opportunity to get ahead, let alone respect his most fundamental human rights. He was pretty eloquent for being raging drunk at three in the morning.

And of course that's not the first time that he's said something like that. He's hardly had a job in the past seven years and he stopped going to college five years ago. It's really not his fault—the situation is *that* bad for youth in El Salvador. There are no opportunities. So how do we describe someone who's shit out of luck with no future? Valio verga, that person is worth dick. If his dad can save up enough money, Gaban might end up with a bunch of our other buddies in Calgary, Canada doing roofing.

It's interesting because I recognize that if my buddies had been born and raised in La Chacra, where I work with my parish

(check out deadramones IV), they would definitely be gang members, no question about it. In La Chacra, a young male with no opportunities is very likely to join a local gang. Even if they're not worth too much dick, they're still likely to join.

The spokesperson for the 18th Street gang clique in La Chacra is named Lebo.

The police show up in ski masks and SWAT gear, throw the kids face down on the ground and hold them there by pressing combat boots to the backs of their heads

It's not like he has it all or anything, but his father runs a decently sized business, so he has had access to education, he's smart, he's got connections. It's not like this was his only option. But when the Mara Salvatrucha—the MS, the gang that has the reputation for being crazier, more raw, more violent, more unpredictable—killed his aunt and cousin, Lebo decided to join the rival gang so that he could protect his family and where they live, which is right next door to the parish.

Like I said, Lebo is smart. If you

want to hear an analysis of how global capitalism marginalizes the poor, generates immigration and violence and makes it a crime to be a young person, ask him about what's going on in El Salvador, or why he joined the 18. Either way, he'll throw in the part about his aunt and cousin too. There are always a lot of people walking around the parish grounds and if you didn't know any better, you might not even notice Lebo, but he's always passing through, chilling, seeing what's up.

The parish entrance is also one of their favorite places to extort delivery trucks. The other day, as I was walking up to see some of the old folks, they almost forgot to extort the Pepsi truck as it went by the parish entrance. A few of them were lounging at a cement table in one of the corners of the parish grounds when they suddenly grabbed their shirts and whatever was rolled up inside of them and ran after the big, blue

truck that barely fits through the alleys of La Chacra.

Earlier that morning, I saw William hanging out in the middle of the street with Lebo waiting for some truck to come by so that they could go buy weed, minutes for their phones, beans, tortillas and cheap vodka. Months ago, I thought that, for sure, William would be one

of the youths who would join the programs that we're formulating to keep kids like him from joining gangs, but it's already too late. He's lost. He used to come in the parish office to hang out, to chat, see what was up. He was smiley, kind of shy, but would laugh a lot. He would even stop by the English classes I gave to try to glean a couple pointers from right outside the door. But now his eyes are droopy all the time from smoking too much weed and not sleeping enough. He doesn't talk to me and his aunt tells me that he doesn't obey her anymore. Most nights he doesn't even come home. He just turned 15, and whether his own initiative was part of the decision or not, the system has resigned him to being worth dick until he's killed or ends up in jail.

It's certainly easier than working at jobs that don't really exist, but it's no piece of cake extorting the delivery trucks, because the trucks use the same streets that the police do. Now don't get it twisted, the police don't actually mess with the gangs too much. Both the gangs and the police are part of an inter-connected web of drug-trafficking, extortion, corruption, violence and power struggles, which not only permits the Salvadoran government to enact repressive laws that facilitate social control and the criminalization of expendable population sectors, but also limits confrontations between police and gangs. Would you arrest your buyer? And even if the police tried to go into the gangs' strongholds, they probably

wouldn't have enough firepower. On their turf, the gangs would give bullet-ridden dick to the police.

But police squads have to fill monthly arrest quotas, so in the last couple days of each month, they come to neighborhoods like La Chacra to round up young folks off the street and throw them in jail for 72 hours

on charges of "illicit association," which means being in groups of three or more. And it's not like they lead them by the hand into the beds of their pickup trucks. The police show up in ski masks and SWAT gear, throw the kids face down on the ground and hold them there by pressing combat boots to the backs of their heads, then give them dick with their beat-down sticks before slapping the cuffs on them. I've seen it happen, but acted like I didn't when they drove by. Gaban had gotten lucky at the concert.

Luckily, we haven't had any recent bouts of violence within the parish. The 18ers have really been taking good care of us, it seems, and that's good because we're about to celebrate 25 years as a parish May 23, 2009. You were all invited, but hopefully you repped it at the deadramones release party, at the very least. Our celebration was the bomb, but apparently the 16th anniversary (2000) was more bomb. That's when the parish area was in dispute between the 18 and the MS. One evening of the celebration, a bunch of the 18 were congregating up on the tiny, concrete parish soccer field. Some brave MSeer got a hold of a grenade and came to chuck it at the 18 right at dusk. Somehow, the 18 found out beforehand and saw the kid before he pulled the pin. They shot him like 10 times before he could detonate it, but that many bullets did the trick. He was the only one the grenade blew up. The participants in the celebration down in the open area below the field went running and screaming in tears away from the explosion, not knowing

words without actions are lies, actions without words are blind. Words and actions alienated from the people is death

what had happened. Only Candida ended up having the balls to pick chunks of flesh out of the bushes and clean the smeared blood off the pavement. But the celebration went on. They couldn't let something like that ruin the party. You can't let death win.

Am I sensationalizing this shit? I hope not. The point is that the reality of living with no viable opportunities is blowing to bits the real hopes and dreams of these kids. And kids are supposed to be the future.

Salvadorans just elected a new president who has instilled a sense of hope that this country has never before known—that positive change could come from the political system after 20 years of neoliberal catastrophe and oppression orchestrated by the right wing ARENA party. The president-elect, Mauricio Funes—a brilliant, pragmatic former journalist who represents the guerilla army turned political party, Farabundo Front for National Liberation (FMLN)—has promised an end to corruption, an independent foreign policy, functioning institutions and greater investment in education and health care. He even said he would make the preferential option

for the poor the guiding principle of his administration.

Words are cool, but action is cooler. As my persecuted Colombian friend Manuel says, "words without actions are lies, actions without words are blind. Words and actions alienated from the people is death."

I had been involved up to my sun burnt nose trying to ensure that Salvadorans could freely and fairly elect their next president, in hopes that it would be Funes. The elections weren't that free or fair, but Funes was able to win anyway. Even if Funes manages to do tons of positive stuff in his five years, how much longer will it take for things to improve in La Chacra? How much longer will it take for things to improve for Salvadoran youth? Unfortunately, Funes won't have the ability to completely transform a global system that will continue giving dick to kids worth dick. Global capitalism is resilient, but that's not to say that we lose hope. Global capitalism is weakening and giving it a good dose of dick would do wonders for humanity's chances. Funes can play a big role in that, just like the rest of us.



Just Soy No!

Why soy products marketed as delicious alternatives to meat and dairy are not as healthy as you might think.

There's nothing like waking up on a spring morning to the sound of a "let's go skate" text. The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, the hangover is mild and your stomach is... oh shit, in the gutter outside Blue Rock Tavern. And seriously, is there anything worse than trying to shred on an empty stomach? Unfortunately, there's nothing in the kitchen but empty bottles. Better head to the store for some breakfast. Browsing through the cereal aisle, you might think, "finally, Cocoa Rageous is on sale, but what the fuck? Rice Dream is like two bucks more than Soy Delicious and no way am I fuckin' around with Almond Breeze. I mean, this fake milk shit's all the same isn't it?"

Nah, dude.

Soy milk and other products like the sometimes delicious dairy and meat alternatives are glittered-up byproducts of the soy oil industry. Government, industry and media promote soy foods as a way to make money—a \$1.6 billion dollar market, to be exact—off of the slush left after soy oil is squeezed out of the beans. By the way, how annoying are those Soy Joy commercials? But seriously, these products were not created to satisfy public demand for edible convenience. This shit is like vegan cocaine, man! The feds hooked us on it. Put down that half gallon container of soy milk. I don't care if it is buy one get one free. Grab yourself some fresh fruit, a potato, onion, whatever. Ditch the soy.

It's not just the faux dairy stuff you have to watch either. Soy protein and flour are used in most store-bought bread. The stuff is toxic, especially in large amounts. The amount in most breads is significantly less than in such products as tofu and soy cheese. Still, a quick search through the FDA's Poisonous Plant Database—a self-described reference "to the scientific literature describing studies of the toxic properties and effects of plants and plant parts"—for the

keyword soy found 288 results. Numerous studies show that soy consumption leads to nutrient deficiencies, digestive disorders such as diarrhea or painful constipation, endocrine disruption and thyroid problems. An iodine-rich diet is a good way of keeping your thyroid healthy and reversing some of the negative effects of soy consumption.

Soy protein isolate, a purified form of soy protein, contains up to 630 milligrams of oxalic acid, six times more than the amount found in typical diets. In the body, oxalic acid can bond with metal ions and calcium causing kidney stones.

Chronic consumption of soy can also lead to acne, hair loss, depression, lethargy, allergies, heart arrhythmias, infections and a feeling of cold. Coincidentally, many of these symptoms are common the morning after a good rager. But really, many of these are symptoms of low thyroid function, caused by isoflavones, the estrogen-like compounds in soy that depress thyroid function.

Since thyroid hormones act as a neurotransmitter, low levels can mimic psychiatric disease. Severe hypothyroidism can cause symptoms similar to Alzheimer's disease, including memory loss, confusion, slowness, paranoid depression and even hallucinations. Also like a good rager.

But fear not, lazy vegans! Tofu dogs are gross and soy cheeses aren't nearly as tasty as they are expensive. Recipes for vegetable/bean patties or soy-free burgers are all over the internet and are equally fun and easy to experiment with. My personal favorite, Amy's California Veggie Burger, is entirely vegan, delicious and soy free, great for spontaneous barbecuing. Also try portabella caps, cajun seasoning and tobasco sauce. Rice milk is simple to make and barely costs more than tap water. Plus, it's not bad for that hangover either!

Myths & Truths About Soy

This abridged list is reprinted with permission from The Weston A. Price Foundation. For more, visit <http://www.westonaprice.org/mythtruths/mtsoy.html>.

Myth: Modern soy foods confer the same health benefits as traditionally fermented soy foods.

Truth: Most modern soy foods are not fermented to neutralize toxins in soybeans, and are processed in a way that denatures proteins and increases levels of carcinogens.

Myth: Soy foods provide complete protein.

Truth: Like all legumes, soybeans are deficient in sulfur-containing amino acids methionine and cystine. In addition, modern processing denatures fragile lysine.

Myth: Fermented soy foods can provide vitamin B12 in vegetarian diets.

Truth: The compound that resembles vitamin B12 in soy cannot be used by the human body; in fact, soy foods cause the body to require more B12.

Myth: Soy foods can prevent osteoporosis.

Truth: Soy foods can cause deficiencies in calcium and vitamin D, both needed for healthy bones.

Myth: Modern soy foods protect against many types of cancer.

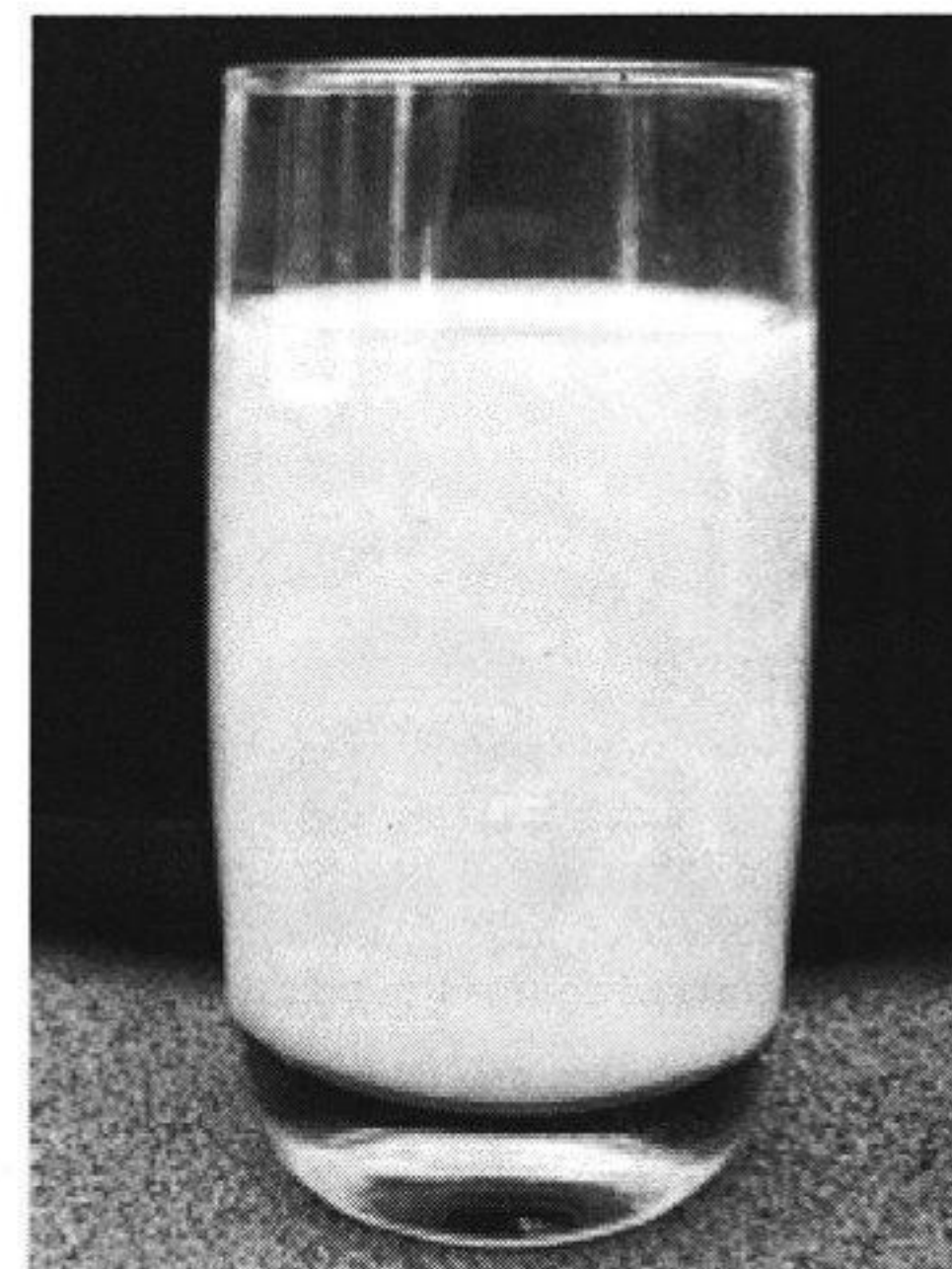
Truth: There is little evidence that soy foods protect against breast cancer or any other forms of cancer. In fact, soy foods may result in an increased risk of cancer.

Myth: Soy foods are good for your sex life.

Truth: Soy consumption enhances hair growth in middle-aged men, indicating lowered testosterone levels.

Myth: Soybeans are good for the environment.

Truth: Most soybeans grown in the US are genetically engineered to allow farmers to use large amounts of herbicides.



Yummy Rice Milk Recipe I Found on the Internet

Ingredients

2 cups cooked rice
2 cups hot water
maple syrup or brown sugar (to taste)
vanilla extract (to taste)

Directions

- 1) In a blender or food processor, blend all the ingredients until smooth.
- 2) This will be quite thick and gets thicker as it sets.
- 3) Thin the mixture with more water, if necessary.
- 4) Strain any lumps and chill.
- 5) In addition to drinking it as is, it may be used in gravies, sauces and soups in place of milk.

armageddon a salad

A friend of mine recently told me "being vegan is like taking a car off the road." The comparison struck me as silly. I never really thought of my diet and transportation as related, unless of course I'm on my way to grip a burrito. I've been vegan for a while now, but I don't think my diet is really taking a car off the road so much as it is not putting another one on (or at least the greenhouse gas equivalent of putting another one on, which I'm assuming my friend meant). I suppose this is a bit of a ridiculous argument, but I think it's important to recognize the difference between doing positive things and not doing negative things. Should we be content taking one car off the road? If our intentions are to cease this culture's suicidal dependence on oil, then no.

If our intention is give our egos (and stomachs) a little boost, then yeah, eating veggies is a start. And while it doesn't hurt to give yourself a little pep talk during a losing battle, if your goal is to remove all cars (and presumably, roads and things too), don't forget that.

Another problem with this self-congratulatory logic is that not putting another car on the road isn't stopping or even slowing down global warming (which is the point, right?), it's just not speeding it up by an insignificant fraction of a percent. Not that I'm dogging veganism in any way. I love being vegan. I love that people want to take cars off the road, too, but I don't think this is a significant reason to go or stay vegan. Nor do I think it is something we should celebrate, as there are still plenty of cars on the roads and even more animals in cages and slaughterhouses. I know how to take a car off the road. It doesn't involve your lunch. It's pretty simple: take your

fucking car off the road! (Yes, this could be classified as one of those "not-negative things" I mentioned earlier. Take out some SUVs if you want, but don't get caught. Seriously, do not get caught). We don't have time to merely not speed up the production of greenhouse gases. We need to stop it or at least slow it down. Drastically.

In an article in the British Newspaper *The Independent* entitled "Why Antarctica will soon be the *only* place to live—literally," the Government's chief scientist, Professor Sir David King says that if global warming remains unchecked, "Antarctica is likely to be the world's only habitable continent by the end of this century." King adds that the levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere are 50 percent higher than at any time in the past 420,000 years. Carbon dioxide, which develops mostly from the burning of coal, gasoline and other fossil fuels, traps heat that otherwise would radiate into space.

Before the industrial age and extensive use of fossil fuels, the concentration of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere was about 280 parts per million. Levels have now reached around 379 parts per million. Last time levels were this high was 60 million years ago during a rapid period of global warming, where levels soared to 1,000 parts per million, causing a massive reduction of life.

"No ice was left on Earth," says King. "Antarctica was the best place for mammals to live, and the rest of the world would not sustain human life."

Just to clear up any confusion, "would not sustain human life" means you and I and everyone else are utterly and completely fucked. Some experts expect ice's extinction by 2100. Unfortunately, as delicious as they

are, I don't think eating beans and rice is going to stop it.

It gets worse. According to an article in the Baltimore Sun, "There are enormous quantities of naturally occurring greenhouse gasses trapped in ice-like structures in the cold northern muds and at the bottom of the seas. These ices, called clathrates, contain 3,000 times as much methane as is in the atmosphere. Methane is more than 20 times as strong a greenhouse gas as carbon dioxide.

"Now here's the scary part. A temperature increase of merely a few degrees would cause these gases to volatilize and "burp" into the atmosphere, which would further raise temperatures, which would release yet more methane, heating the Earth and seas further, and so on. There's 400 gigatons of methane locked in the frozen arctic tundra - enough to start this chain reaction - and the kind of warming the Arctic Council predicts is sufficient to melt the clathrates and release these greenhouse gases into the atmosphere.

"Once triggered, this cycle could result in runaway global warming the likes of which even the most pessimistic doomsayers aren't talking about.

"The most recent of these catastrophes occurred about 55 million years ago in what geologists call the Paleocene-Eocene Thermal Maximum (PETM), when methane burps caused rapid warming and massive die-offs, disrupting the climate for more than 100,000 years.

"The granddaddy of these catastrophes occurred 251 million years ago, at the end of the Permian period, when a series of methane burps came close to wiping out all life on Earth."

I think it goes without saying that we cannot let this happen. I think that it also goes without saying that we need to do everything we can to stop it, whether it's adhering to a vegan diet, growing your own food or riding a skateboard or bike instead of a car. If people want to sabotage gas stations, SUV dealerships or deforestation sites, I'm certainly not going to stop them. If people want to tear up parking lots for community gardens, call me if you need a hand! My point is that we need to focus on what important steps we can take to fight back this crisis called civilization, not wax arrogant on the little things. Pass the salad.



Above: Drew Dezort, gap to lip. Photo: Austin Mayer. Below: a different Drew, oververt grind. Photo: Chris Luessen.



Book Review, sort of:

How Non-violence Protects the State by Peter Gelderloos.

South End Press. Words: Jimmy Burridge

Non-violent activism is ineffective, racist, statist, classist, patriarchal, deluded and tactically and strategically inferior to revolutionary activism. "How Non-violence Protects the State" explains why those candlelight vigils and police escorted strolls in the park are a waste of time. The anarchist author discusses ideas for some real social change through revolutionary activism rather than placating ourselves through state sanctioned jerking off.

Ineffective and inferior

In the present day Narmada River Valley in India we can observe an example of the ineffectiveness of non-violent action. For 30 years people have been demonstrating, petitioning and even threatening to drown themselves in the rising water caused by the dams. For 30 years the dams have gotten taller and taller and more and more people have been displaced. If we haven't already been completely brainwashed, we should recognize the construction of dams that displace people, destroy cultures, societies, economies and ecosystems as violent. We should also recognize that while bombing one or all of these dams would cause an explosion, that doesn't make the action violent. Destruction of property is not violent, but even this type of action is discounted by pacifists. Non-violent activism limits itself to tactics that reinforce its own delusions, reinforce the state, reinforce hierarchies and encourage our passivity in the face of annihilation.

Classist, racist and patriarchal

An insistence on non-violent tactics reveals a privileged position. Most people do not have the luxury of being able to politely ask the authorities to please reconsider stepping on their throat, to stop taking their land, their water and their lives. It is classist and often

racist to pretend that violence is not already a reality in the present social hierarchy. It can be racist to marginalize militant or revolutionary groups for being violent. This is fairly common when privileged activists condemn the violence of people in neo-colonies or internal colonies. The majority of the people in the world face state sponsored violence every day through the army, police and economic and social systems. These people must work to protect themselves, their land, their culture and their freedom by any means necessary. In supposedly free countries like our own, one may more clearly observe low intensity warfare in areas where people of color live or at any recent protest.

To move the discussion to a more personal level, what about the relationship between men and women? Is the only option for an abused woman to talk with her abuser or move out? Is it really appropriate to non-violently resist a rapist? What if women got together to beat up and kick out the abuser? And what if a woman stabbed her attacker in the jugular with a mechanical pencil instead of screaming vainly for help? It seems men might learn that abuse and rape are not just morally wrong but also dangerous because women will kick the shit out of them. In this case, violence does not contribute to some alleged cycle of violence. In this case, a violent response is necessary to prevent future violence.

Deluded

Non-violent activists often erroneously point out the civil rights movement in the US, the end of the Vietnam War or the decolonization of India as shining examples of the successes of non-violent resistance. Their first mistake is assuming that conditions have improved remotely close to the degree envisioned by the original activists. Their second is ignoring the groups

active in each of these cases that were a lot more threatening to institutions and hierarchy.

Martin Luther King wasn't the only leader calling for change. Malcolm X and the Nation of Islam were highly organized, militant and calling for much more radical change than Martin Luther King (MLK did later become more systemic and deeper in his criticism). We shouldn't forget that the Black Panthers organized thousands of the poorest in ghettos throughout the country. Rather than turn the other cheek, they shot back at police.

Concerning the imperialistic war in Vietnam, non-violent resistance in the US didn't shame the US military into withdrawing. Thousands of people with guns in Vietnam forced the US military to acknowledge it couldn't win.

In India, Gandhi was certainly not the only leader calling for the end of colonization, armed villagers were too. At the time, the British Empire was trying to control violently revolutionary colonies all over the world (and especially in Algeria) and had to pick and choose its fights. They chose to give up direct colonial control over India and framed it as though they were generously yielding to a peaceful movement.

Are the white males that typically represent oppressive institutions likely to be more threatened by upper middle-class white students threatening to not go to class or by thousands of the most marginalized citizens forming armed self-defense groups? Most institutions act to make money and maintain power and make no pretense of conducting themselves according to morality. Would they be more likely to be shamed into changing by a group of people fasting even if they get 100,000 letters of support or might they be forced to negotiate by people armed with rifles and machetes taking over town hall after town hall?

The Black Panthers, Malcolm X and the revolutionary forces in India posed a real threat to the respective power structures and so they were shot, imprisoned and ignored by history in the hope that we would forget about them and learn only the approved versions of history. Institutions were forced to make concessions to the opposition because of these groups that did practice or threaten violence. Non-violent apologists seem to

conveniently forget critical aspects of history that would disprove the supposed success of non-violent protest. They seem to remember only the part of the story that hierarchy and government would have us remember.

Statist

By refusing to consider destructive and violent forms of social change, non-violent activists reinforce the state's monopoly of violence. We have been fooled into thinking destruction or violence is only acceptable if it's done by the state or big business. This is a lie that serves powerful institutions. The phenomenon of demonstrators self-policing themselves to prevent the state's police from getting involved repeats the lie that government has justifiable control over us and they are the sole legitimate users of violence. As a side note, in the context of a protest, what exactly is the militarized police force trying to serve or protect? It seems painfully obvious by the bruises and gas burns that it isn't you or I or other average people. It seems an awful lot like they work solely to protect the rich and powerful.

The destruction of hierarchies and oppressive systems must be paired with the creation of liberating and cooperative relations, but oftentimes we can't effectively recreate or heal our communities until we dismantle the powers that oppress, restrict and prevent us from treating each other as humans. The state is the cement that holds together the host of forces that antagonize humanity. We need to destroy capitalism and the state. The state does not allow or encourage forms of activism that actually threaten its existence. The state and its functionaries (i.e. miseducation system, media, police) encourage non-violent demonstrations precisely because they are ineffective.

It is time to realize that hierarchies and capitalism are destroying our world and our communities. It is time to realize that we need to dissolve hierarchies, destroy capitalism and recreate our communities. The time is past for letter writing, marches, speeches in the park and condemning activists that destroy property and refuse to obey the authorities. It is time for radical, revolutionary activism.

Book Review: ***Pie Any Means Necessary: The Biotic Baking Brigade Cookbook*** AK Press



A pie to the face is a humiliating and ego-crushing prank to endure. Nothing matches the sheer terror felt during the split second between the realization of an incoming pie and its inevitable splat. The recipient knows there's no act of man or god that can stop

the expectedly messy collision. Taking it beyond the confines of the slapstick comedy routines of the Three Stooges or a carnival entertainer, pie throwing became a fairly common expression of political discontent during the '60s and '70s and continues to this day. *Pie Any Means Necessary* bakes up a hilarious overview of these pastry-wielding rebels, complete with more pie puns than you can shake a spatula at. Starting with the theory and history, *Pie* goes on to detail a fresh batch of first-hand accounts of pie and pie related attacks. What's interesting is that not only do the authors disclose the whos and whats of their stories, but also why they sent the pies a flying, which is sometimes the most interesting part. For example, "Danish anti-environmental author Bjorn Lomborg received his just deserts on September 5, 2001" for his claims in *The Skeptical Environmentalist* that "consumer waste isn't a problem, that species loss is minimal, and that it was far too expensive to do anything about global warming." *Pie* goes on to say that a Baked Alaska pie greeted Lomborg's unsuspecting face "in solidarity with the native Indian and Eskimo people in Alaska who are reporting rising temperatures, shrinking sea ice, and worsening effects on animal and bird life."

While most victims of pie slingsings don't press charges out of fear that the embarrassing event will be publicized more

than it already is—millions repeatedly watched Bill Gates get creamed on CNN—the case of San Francisco mayor Willie Brown ended with three assailants—"The Cherry Pie Three"—facing a maximum of six months in prison. The book goes into pretty great detail about Brown's plans for economic cleansing, the pieing, trial, sentencing and the police brutality that led to Rahula Janowski's broken arm (the book does not clarify whether it was her throwing arm) and the introduction of vegan-friendly foods at the San Francisco jail where the flanarchists were held. *Pie* warns readers not to be discouraged by the outcome of this politically motivated case, calling pie throwing "not violence" instead of "non-violence."

At only \$12, this 116-page tribute to over-handed revolutionaries is a highly entertaining and motivating read. A dazzling reminder that behind every great revolutionary, there is a bright sense of humor... and a cookbook.

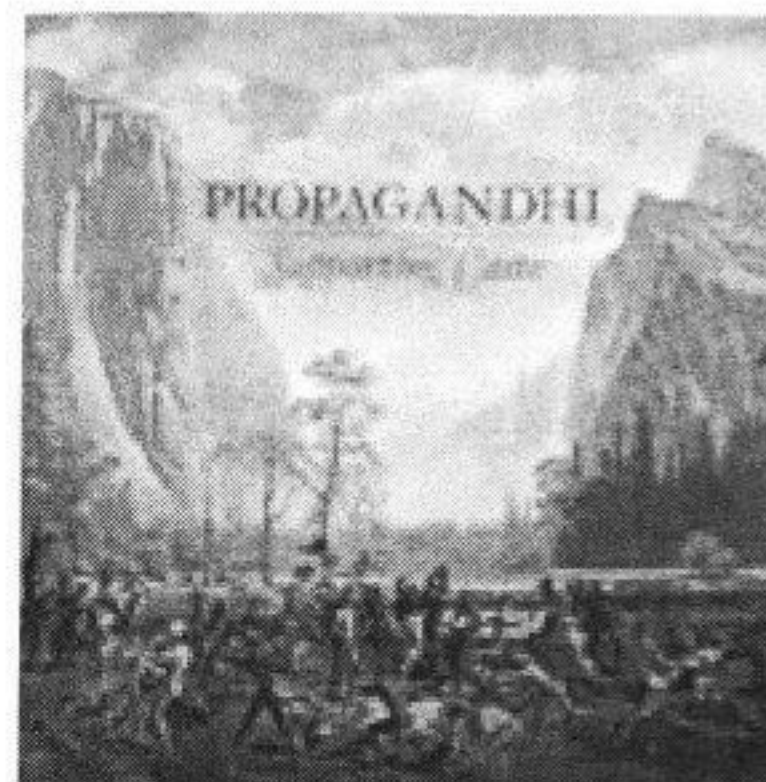
But don't take my word for it...

Medea Benjamin—referred to as "a self-appointed 'spokesperson' whose actions further the commodification of resistance and sabotage our movement's sustainability and credibility" by Bakers Without Borders—sided with police and municipal authorities against direct actions performed at the World Trade Organization protests of 1999. She refers to her actions as helping to "gather an activist clean-up crew" for smashed windows. "I actually feel sorry for people who harbor so much resentment and come from a place of such anger," Benjamin said. "Perhaps these pie-throwers are wounded people who lack the essential ingredients of a fulfilling life—a supportive family and community that provides a healthy dosage of love." Yeah, I'm sure that's it.



Hearts of Darknesses – Shit Fan Punk Get Busted (Deleted Art)

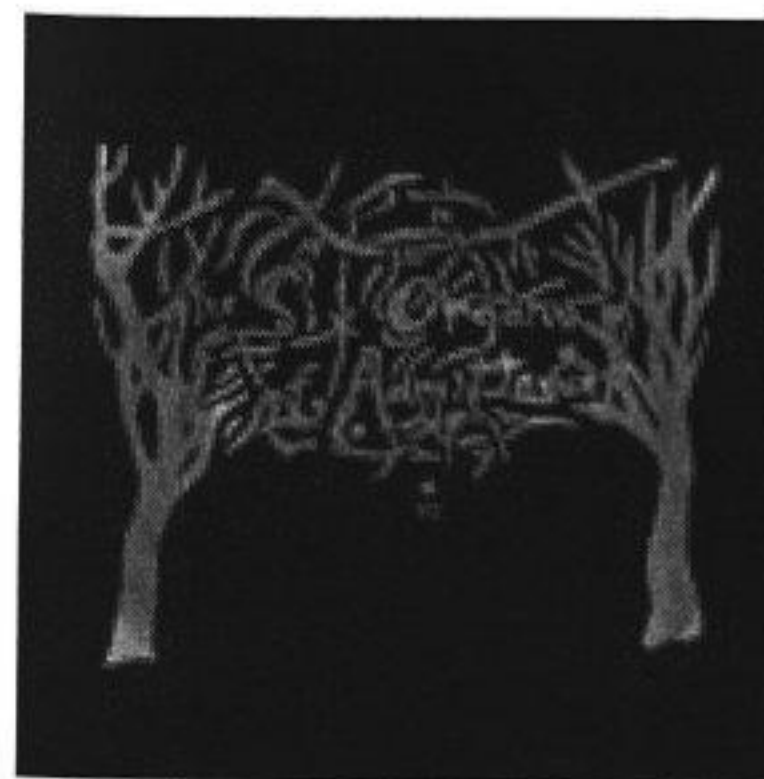
Some Ohioans via Brooklyn playing a noisy, dance-y, punk rock hybrid. The album's five tracks experiment with hammering electro-beats, freakout key sounds, spastic thrashing and an array of vocal effects and layers. Think Liars, These Are Powers or Clipd Beaks with an unmistakable Ohio grime. Even with minimal pop tendencies, the songs are still catchy and memorable amid the hot, hissy-glitchy mess. Shit Fan is the perfect soundtrack for a tastefully trashed dance party or basement rager.



Propagandhi – Supporting Caste (Smallman Records)

Everyone's favorite Canadian foursome—sans the Canadian government, of course—is back with, arguably, their heaviest piece yet. The 12 tracks of enlightened skatepunk gone thrash could easily last three rounds with *Today's Empires*, *Tomorrow's Ashes*. The first minute or so of Dear Coach's Corner is reminiscently brutal to the likes of such Propagandhi classics as Purina Hall of Fame or Superbowl Patriot, and that's only on the fourth track! *Supporting Caste* holds a couple more epically dark and quiet, clean-picking parts than their previous albums, but the majority of the album remains double-picked riffs, sick-raging solos and

genuine disdain for all things fascist, homophobic and meat-eating. I'm more than content with the four year gaps between albums—although a little more touring wouldn't hurt—if they plan on releasing timeless albums like this.



The Six Organs of Admittance – RTZ (Drag City)

I don't own a computer and I'm not that great a writer so I have to pay full price for the records I buy, so I was a little bummed when the newest release from one of my favorite dudes was an \$18 collection of b-sides and rarities. I was a bit relieved when I opened it and found three records worth of music and I was not just relieved, but siked when I played the records. But don't confuse this with a best of or career retrospective. These obscure home recordings could be a bit hard to swallow for first-time listeners. RTZ rarely strays from Ben Chasny's soft, acoustic pickery, meditative chants and wall-of-sound guitar

drones, with a few occasional hand-drum beats. The tracks are less structured than most of his other Drag City material. This time around, Chasny re-reassures us he's not afraid of going into extended jams over the same progressions. I don't know about you, but I'm into that sorta thing.



Boo and Boo Too - *No Tempo* (Ironpaw Records / Chomp Womp)

Drowning in reverb, delay and raw emotion, this Lawrence, Kansas four-piece (with an uncountable ensemble of guest musicians) knows how to rock the socks off shoe-gazers. Or if spoken through guitarist / vocalist Barrett's microphone: This, this, this. Album, album, album. Rules, rules, rules. Their latest release, *No Tempo*, is a sonic assault akin to noise-rock giants Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr. and My Bloody Valentine. *No Tempo* perfects their balance between soft-centered ambience and screeching rock 'n' roll. The songs are pop, yet morose and soul-wrenchingly honest.

Exceedingly appropriate for late-night cemetery break-ins, a wine bottle clutched tight in one hand, *No Tempo* in the other.



The Tanks - *Keep Breaking Down* (Scenester Credentials)

I caught a Tanks show a couple years ago, but then didn't really hear anything from them for a while. I almost forgot about the show, which would have been a pretty hard task. The Iowa City trio's singer wore a giant pink bunny suit and carried his Colt 45 40 through the small crowd, giving everyone a personal moment of hilarity and humility. And let's not forget that their bass and drums combo blew minds and eardrums alike. I picked up a CD-R that was good, but didn't quite convey what I heard that night. Luckily, *Keep Breaking Down* captures that sound amazingly.

I'm almost having trouble writing this because I keep wanting to pump my fist. I sense some synths in the mix, adding depth to their hella heavy, almost metal riffs of rage. With the way these dudes tour, it shouldn't be hard to find them in your town, and if there isn't a show coming up, they'd love you to set one up!



Dan Deacon - *Bromst* (Carpark)

Baltimore's unofficial ambassador of weird Dan Deacon follows up his much-loved *Spideyman of the Rings* with another installment of incredibly happy, 8-bit jams. I wouldn't say the music is necessarily made with dancing in mind, but that's usually the result. There's no question that Deacon has always been one for experimentation and challenging himself and *Bromst* is no different, in that respect. Deacon brings some live drums on board as well as a fluttering, million-notes-per-second player piano synced to his laptop, giving the album a depth that most electronic music lacks. Expansive and pioneering as it is, *Bromst* still sounds like a bunch of chipmunks playing video

games in an ice cream truck. And I fucking love it.

Dan Deacon and Ensemble

I like finding reasons to get out of Cincinnati for a weekend and when I saw this show was coming to Chicago, I couldn't pass up the opportunity to jam!



Future Islands

This groovy little Baltimore trio played next and melted some hearts, for sure. Totally cheered up my six bucks for a High Life blues.



Teeth Mountain

These dudes played a pretty short set, short enough that the only picture I took was of them pulling their gear off-stage. Check deadramones IV for good pictures and an interview. I yelled "Greg Fox is the man!" but I don't think he heard me.



Dan Deacon and Ensemble

Didn't actually get a picture of Mr. Deacon himself. I was too busy jumping around like a drunk idiot, but the ensemble was pretty sick! Three drummers, three keys, guitar, xylophone, horns, shit was so tight. Three times, he stopped and organized dance-off type stuff, which was cool at first, but one would have been enough. He ended the set by playing Wham City and having the whole ensemble crowd surf. Didn't really expect that one, but I was hyped!

This zine would be dead like the rest of print media if it wasn't for...

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